

# The Sketch

No. 1162.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



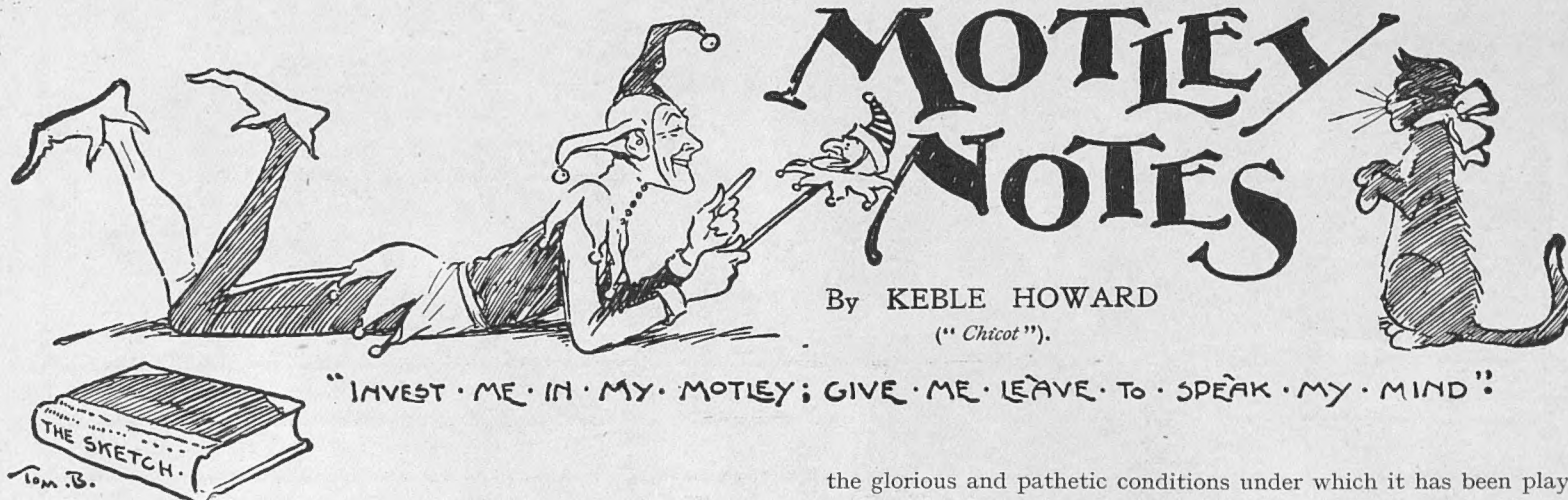
WIFE OF LORD ROSEBERY'S SON AND HEIR: LADY DALMENY—HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

It is six years since the beautiful daughter of Lord Henry George Grosvenor, uncle of the present Duke of Westminster, was married to Lord Dalmeny, the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Rosebery, and her position and personal charm have made her

always a favourite as well as influential hostess at Buckingham Gate, and at The Grange, Bletchley, in Buckinghamshire. Lady Dalmeny has two children—the Hon. Archibald Ronald Primrose, born in 1910; and the Hon. Helen Dorothy Primrose, born in 1913.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*





### The Military Spirit.

"Oh that this war were over, that I might return to my beautiful office, to my ledgers, to my haggling in the market-place, to my daily round of telephoning and letter-writing!"

That is what the German, in his ignorance, imagines to be the heart-cry of our new Army. Instead of that, which of us has not heard this sentence on the lips of some young civilian turned soldier—

"When the war's over, I think I shall stay in the Army if they'll keep me. I like the life. It suits me."

The Germans did not reckon on that. They did not reckon on arousing in England something that has been asleep these hundred years—the Military Spirit. But they've done it, and they must put up with the consequences for at least another hundred years. A hundred years of peace, and the Military Spirit will again be laid to rest, but it will take a hundred years to do it. There is not a single school-boy in the British Empire at this moment who has not made up his mind to join the Army or the Navy. Many, of course, will be disappointed, but the standard will have to be tremendously high to keep them out.

I saw a splendid sight the other day. I was on the roof of an omnibus, travelling, in a series of elephantine bounds, towards Sloane Street. Suddenly, above the rattle of the traffic, we heard the drums and bugles. A military band was approaching.

### The Best Band in London.

The April sun was shining, the streets were full of soldiers and pretty girls, motor-cars mingled with the taxis and the 'buses and the landaus. It just wanted that crash of music to complete the picture of London in war-time. The traffic was stopped by stately police; we all stood up to see the band go by.

And then it came, swinging out of Sloane Street, across Knightsbridge, and so past the Hyde Park Hotel. It consisted of one bugle—a real Army bugle, powerfully and accurately played—and some sixteen drummers. The bugler marched in front, splendidly isolated. I suppose he was nine years of age at the most. The drummers followed; their ages ranged, I should say, from six to eight. Some had real drums, and very skilfully they rolled them. Others had square biscuit-tins, but the drum-sticks rattled on the lids with just the same technical precision. All had Sam Browne belts—made of string; all were in step; all had paper helmets; all had earnest, set faces. Some of us laughed, and some of us cheered, but we knew, each one, what it meant—that the Military Spirit had come to life again in dear old England, and would take many and many a year to quench.

No; I don't think the Germans reckoned on that. I don't think they expected to create, in one and the same country, a great military power to stand alongside the greatest Navy in the world.

Well, friend the reader, what can we do about it?

### A Joyful Irishman.

I saw a man the other night to whom this war has brought complete happiness. At any rate, he was the happiest-looking man I have seen for a very long time. I don't mean that he was selfish, or unfeeling, or anything of that sort, but the war had brought him a huge stroke of fortune, and he was openly revelling in his success.

He was Jack Judge, "the composer and original singer of 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary.'" Thus the programme. I saw him on the stage of a music-hall, and he sang "one verse and two choruses" of his famous composition. He described it, very modestly, as "the luckiest song I ever wrote." When you think of the success of that song, of what it has meant to our soldiers, of

By KEBLE HOWARD

(“ Chicot ”).

the glorious and pathetic conditions under which it has been played and sung, of its world-wide fame, I think you will agree that Mr. Jack Judge might well have been suffering from swelled head.

But not a bit of it. He just sang, and danced, and openly shook hands with himself in the heartiest and most ingenuous way. It did one good.

### The Prophets.

Many prophetic people are beginning to discuss the effect of the war on our civilian habits and institutions. After the war, it seems, everybody and everything will be altered out of recognition. Men will be different, women will be different, children will be different, babies will be different, servants will be different, dogs will be different. Here are a few of the subjects handled in brilliant fashion by brilliant writers—

"The War: How it Will Affect the Position of Women."

"The War: What Will be the Result on Education?"

"The War: Will Babies still Cry at Night?"

"The War: Servants to Take Up New Attitude."

"The War and the Drama: Will Music-Halls Continue to Exist?"

"The War and Gardening: Beetroot to be Shamed out of Existence."

"The War and Music: Will our Composers be Happier?"

"The War and Labour: Will Work be Abolished?"

"The War and Marriage: Eminent Authoress Maintains that Marriage Will Cease."

"The War and Horse-Racing: Horses to Run Much Faster."

"The War and Crime: Renewed Energy amongst Criminals Probable."

"The War and the Cat-World: Greater Freedom for Cats."

### The Benefits of Change.

Personally, I am in favour of almost any change that may come along at any time. I am a firm believer in change. People do not cultivate the Art of Change as enthusiastically as they should. Change is so refreshing—and so easy. If you can't afford a new hat, you can at least wear the old one the wrong way round. This is quite easy for women. I have seen it done; and the wearer of the hat quite entranced with the change.

Your rooms should be changed frequently. You may not be able to change your house, but you can easily make the dining-room the scullery, sleep in the study, and do the cooking on the top floor. Great fun, believe me! If you are a lodger, change the position of your bed, and change, above all, the positions of the pictures. You should change the pictures in your bedroom so often that you never know what you are going to look at when you wake in the morning. Why go on staring at that brown horse drinking out of a blue pond all your life? It doesn't cost a cent to put the wretched animal somewhere else and wake up in the morning to see "Children Eating Turnips" or "Sheep Blowing Bubbles."

As for clothes, if you have only two suits, you can at least wear the wrong coat with the wrong trousers. Odd boots don't look very smart, but a new pair of boot-laces will freshen up an old pair of boots in a surprising manner.

Then, if you are rich, you can have all the change your wayward fancy dictates. You can have it in notes or gold. You can change it from one pocket to the other, or, better still, from your pocket to mine. If it's the money you're anxious about, if you want to be sure before you part with it that it will have a good home, don't worry. I will give you a solemn undertaking that its circulation shall not be checked.



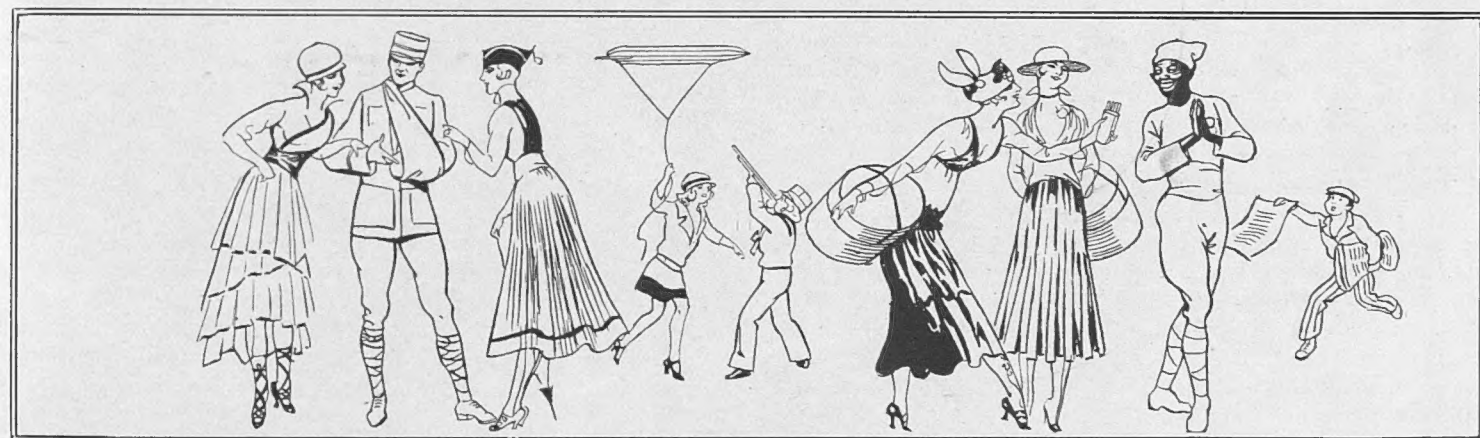
# VANITIES OF VALDÉS: MILITARY SPRING FASHIONS.



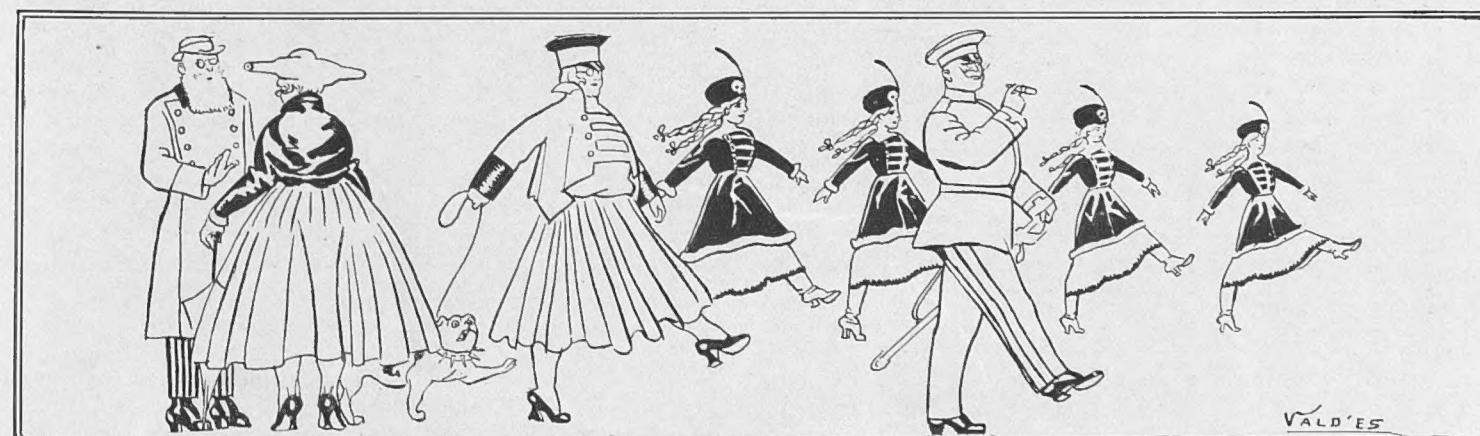
LONDON -- WITH AN EYE ON ZEPPELINS AND KHAKE.



VIENNA -- WITH AN EYE ON REVERSES AND COMMUNIQUEES.



PARIS -- WITH AN EYE ON DUMANET AND THE SENEGALESE.



BERLIN -- WITH BOTH EYES ON PRUSSIANISM.

We begin, with the Sketches given above, a series of Drawings by the eminent French Artist, Valdés. Our page by him will be very well worth watching week by week.



PEOPLE AT PUNCHESTOWN: THE VICEROY (UNOFFICIAL); HE



1. LORD BASIL BLACKWOOD; AND LADY POWERSCOURT.

2. LORD WIMBORNE; AND LADY MARIAN HASTINGS.

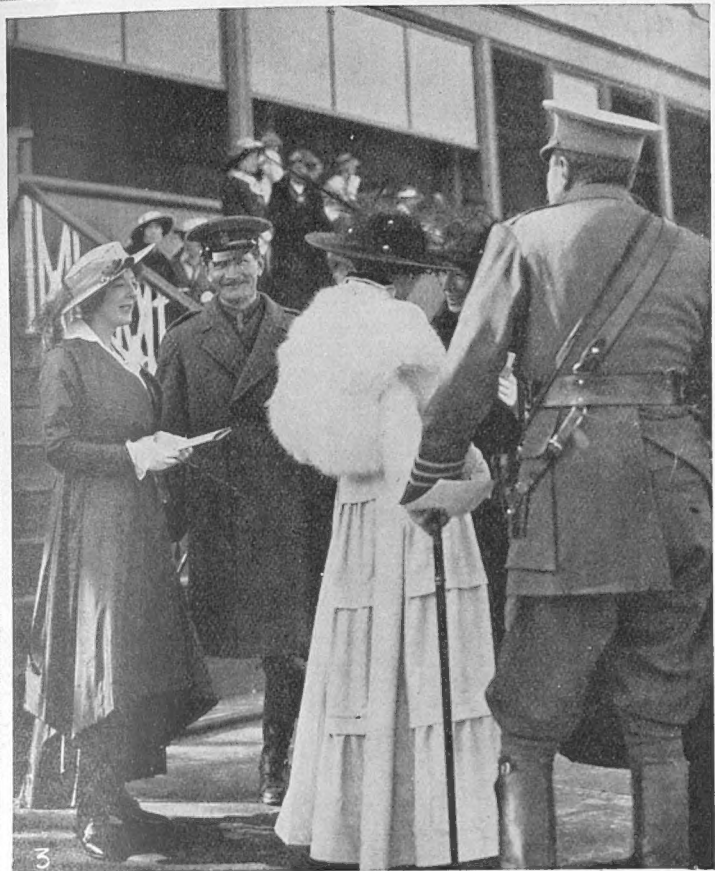
5. SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE; AND CAPTAIN WYNDHAM-QUIN.

6. MR. AND MRS. WETHERALL-PENNY.

The weather was fine for Punchestown, and the Lord Lieutenant, with Lady Wimborne and a party from the Viceregal Lodge, drove over in the afternoon, but there was an unusual, if not unexpected, lack of animation, although Society was fairly represented. Lord Wimborne was received by Mr. Percy La Touche, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Mayo, Lieutenant-Colonel R. St. Leger Moore, and Mr. Whiteside Dane, but the visit of the Viceroy was entirely unofficial.—Lord Basil Blackwood is Private Secretary to Lord Wimborne, and is also known as a writer of witty verse. He is a brother of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. Lady Powerscourt is the wife of the eighth Viscount.—Lord Wimborne, the new Viceroy, has already made himself popular, and is determined not to spare himself in discharging the duties of his high office. Lady Marian Hastings is the younger daughter of the fourteenth Earl of



# EXCELLENCY LADY WIMBORNE; AND OTHER NOTABILITIES.



3. SIR GEORGE PRESCOTT; AND MISS ROSAMUND GROSVENOR.

4. LADY WIMBORNE; AND THE MARQUESS OF HEADFORT.

7. LADY MARY PLUNKETT; WITH A FRIEND.

8. MR. HUMPHREY LLOYD; AND THE HON. CLARISSA TENNANT.

Huntingdon.—Sir George Prescott is the fifth Baronet and a Captain in the 2nd Life Guards. Miss Rosamund Grosvenor is well known and popular in Society, and is a relative of Lady Wimborne.—Her Excellency Lady Wimborne has already won golden opinions, and will be an invaluable aide to the Viceroy on the social side of his duties.—The Marquess of Headfort is the fourth holder of the title, and, it will be remembered, married Miss Rose Boote, in 1901. Sir Hercules Langrishe is a J.P. and D.L., for Co. Kilkenny.—Captain Wyndham-Quin is a relative of the Earl of Dunraven.—Mr. and Mrs. Wetherall-Penny entertained a large house-party for the meeting.—Lady Mary Plunkett is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Fingall.—The Hon. Clarissa Tennant is the daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner.—[Photographs Nos. 2 and 3, by Topical; the remainder by Poole.]



## DALY'S THEATRE.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' NEW PRODUCTION.  
EVENINGS at 8. MATINEE SATURDAYS at 2. Tel. Ger. 201.

BETTY.

## STRAND THEATRE. JULIA NEILSON &amp; FRED TERRY.

Every Evening at 8. "THE ARGYLE CASE." Mat., Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

MATHESON  
LANG

WITH THE ENTIRE STRAND  
THEATRE PRODUCTION

MR.  
WU.

This Week.  
GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.

Next Week.  
THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

## EMPIRE.

WATCH YOUR STEP.

SATURDAY EVENING NEXT AT 8.  
GEORGES GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE,  
Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling,  
Phyllis Bedells, Egbert Bros., Lupino Lane, &c.

## THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC

JOHN CARPENTER STREET, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, E.C.  
ESTABLISHED BY THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

PRINCIPAL LONDON RONALD.

COMPLETE MUSICAL EDUCATION at inclusive fee. Private lessons in all musical subjects and Stage Training in Elocution, Gesture, Stage Dancing, Fencing, and Opera. Weekly Orchestral Practices are Conducted by the Principal. Prospectus and Syllabus of Local Centre and Local Schools Examinations (open to general public) free. New term began April 26. Tele. HOLBORN 1943. H. SAXE WYNDHAM, Secretary.

## PALACE HOTEL. ("London's most recent.")

CORNER of BEDFORD AVENUE and BLOOMSBURY ST., W.C.

Pleasant Location, close to principal Shops, Theatres, and Stations. Private Suites. Telephone: Museum 574-5. Fifty Bath Rooms. 250 Bedrooms and Sitting Rooms. from 4s. per day. First-class Cuisine. Orchestra Performs in Magnificent Lounge daily. Luxuriously Comfortable. Proprietor: H. E. HOW.

THE  
LANGHAM  
HOTEL.FAMILY HOTEL  
OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.

Unique Location in  
PORTLAND PLACE & REGENT ST., W.  
Modern Appointments.  
Moderate Tariff. Inclusive Terms if desired.  
Telegrams: "Langham, London."

POSITION  
UNRIVALLED  
IN  
LONDON.

## WOODHALL SPA. VICTORIA HOTEL.

Bromo-Iodine Waters. Baths. Electrical Treatments.  
Leading Hotel. Enclosed Grounds and Pine Woods. Golf (18 Holes). Entertainments. Garage.

## DUBLIN, HOTEL METROPOLE

(Next General Post Office). First Class, 100 Rooms.  
Restaurant. Free Garage.  
"A Week's Tours" around Dublin Post Free.

## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

War Progress and the End of History. V. Soloviev. 6s. (University of London.)  
The French Official Review of the First Six Months of the War as Issued by Reuter's Agency. 1s. net. (Constable.)  
The Pan-Germanic Crime. Paul van Houtte. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Granville Bantock. H. O. Anderton. 2s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)  
Carillons of Belgium and Holland. William Gorham Rice. 6s. (Bodley Head.)  
My Shrubs. Eden Phillpotts. 10s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)  
Twenty Years of My Life. Douglas Sladen. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)  
The Romance of a Favourite. Frédéric Lobée. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)  
The Record of Nicholas Freydon. An Autobiography. 6s. (Constable.)  
Clear Waters. A. G. Bradley. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)  
The Gardener and the Cook. Lucy H. Yates. 7s. net.  
Rambles in Arcadia. Arthur Grant. 3s. 6d. net.  
Juliette Drouet's Letters to Victor Hugo. Louis Guimbaud. Translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)  
A Short History of the Sikhs. C. H. Payne, M.A. 1 rupee 8 annas. (Nelson.)  
Home-Making. E. Stone. 1s. net. (Pearson.)  
The Amateur Army: The Experiences of a Soldier in the Making. Patrick MacGill. 1s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)  
A Song of the English. Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by Heath Robinson. 5s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Plays (The Black Maskers, The Life of Man, The Sabine Women). Leonid Andreyeff. 6s. (Duckworth.)

## FICTION.

Sea-Salt and Cordite. Patrick Vaux. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
The Devil in a Nunnery. Francis Oscar Mann. 3s. 6d. net.  
Angela's Business. Henry Sydnor Harrison. 6s. (Constable.)  
The Dream Friend. O. Goldie. 6s. (Long.)  
Lord Quare's Visitor. Florence Warden. 6s. (Long.)  
The Storm Dog. Lilian Arnold. 1s. net. (Long.)  
Miss Billy's Decision. Eleanor H. Porter. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)  
The Black Lake. Sir William Magnay. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)  
A Martyr's Servant. Arthur S. Cripps. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)  
The Snake Garden. Amy J. Baker. 6s. (Long.)  
The Wizard of the Turf. Nat Gould. 6s. (Long.)  
A Lady of Russia. Robert Bowman. 6s. (Heinemann.)  
The Sword Hand of Napoleon. Cyrus Townsend Brady. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Marriage by Conquest. Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)  
Love and the Man. Winifred May Scott. 6s. (Drane.)  
Chapman's Wares. H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)  
Alward. E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)  
The Romance of a Maid-of-Honour. Richard Marsh. 7d. net. (Long.)  
The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet. Burton E. Stevenson. 6s. (Nash.)  
Love-Birds in the Coco-Nuts. Peter Blundell. 6s. (Bodley Head.)  
Mr. Washington. Marjorie Bowen. 6s. (Methuen.)

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

## INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £1 9s. 3d.  
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.  
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.

## CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.  
Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.  
Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.

## ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.  
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 11s.

Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## JOKES FROM THE FRONT: THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE WAR.\*

## A Base Paper.

The *Hangar Herald* is printed and published at No. 1 Base, British Expeditionary Force, France. It has been mentioned in despatches by "Eye-Witness," who said: "At one place the community even possesses a bi-monthly journal of its own known as the *Hangar Herald*, which attains a literary level of some merit, and is certainly not devoid of humour," a comment to which the Editors reply: "We can return the compliment." In the Editorial of No. 8 is the candid confession: "We regret to say that our circulation has been steadily falling off, and we have therefore considered it desirable to cut down the number of pages in order to meet the printer's bill." Each copy is sold at 50 centimes, and we take it that the Editor would be pleased to receive subscriptions. He deserves them. Here are some extracts by way of attraction.

Hilarius Bullock—  
of "Wind and  
Water."

Let us begin with one from No. 8. "The War in the Moon, by Hilarius Bullock. Extracted from 'Wind and Water.' (All rights reserved): I showed in my last paper that the offensive of the Martians in the Western hemisphere may be considered to have been checked. . . . I say that the advance may be considered to have been checked. Now an advance may be from any direction: it may be from a bank. In this case we may expect a cheque, but if the cheque is countered and met, the advancing parties will certainly suffer loss. This may be aptly illustrated by a diagram—

A ←————→ B  
B.—Bank making advance.  
A.—Objective of advance.  
Arrow B.A.—Direction of advance.  
Arrow A.B.—Direction of delivery of cheque.

In the second place, if a war is in progress, the advance may be of a different nature. In such a case it may

- (1).—Succeed partially.
- (2).— " definitely.
- (3).—Be checked temporarily.
- (4).— " definitely.

. . . The terrain so cleverly chosen by the Martians for their daring campaign against the lunatics may be described as an unsuccessful compromise between a square and a circle. Down the middle of the 'squarcle,' as we say in the Army, runs an irregular ridge of igneous limestone clothed with thick woods almost to the summit. This outstanding feature divides the two opposing parties. The capture by either side of any considerable part of it would decide the campaign in favour of the victor. The relative positions of the rivers flowing East and West of this ridge, and of the villages and their banks are best shown by the sixteen sketch maps which I give below. (Not if we know it. Editors.)"

## Some Jokes.

Then for some short jokes. We leave out one or two for reasons given in the *Herald*—"The chief Labour whip then entertained us with stories grave and gay, which owing to the scarcity of asbestos we must carry forward to a later issue"—for *The Sketch* is for the Y.W.C.A. as well as the Y.M.C.A., which the lively *Herald* agrees it is not! Here is the first. "A corporal approached his Adjutant one day and asked him to sign something; the Adjutant refused, whereupon the corporal said: 'Captain Blank has signed it, and said that if I brought it to you, you would sanctify it.'" And another: "Scene—Kensington Gardens by Memorial—at present covered in scaffolding—being regilded. Belgian Refugee stops an old gentleman. 'Pardon, Monsieur—but vat is dat?' 'That is the Albert Memorial, Sir.' 'Ah! Tiens! Ces braves Anglais! Déjà! Embrassons!'" That is really first rate.

Half-Crown;  
and Whoa!

There is another particularly good one: "The following is an extract from a letter recently censored: 'My Darling Wife,—I sends in this letter half-crown. (P.S.—There's a Censor Bloke wot opens our letters, so I sends no half-crown.'" Also: "An Irish drill-sergeant found immense difficulty in getting one of the recruits, a countryman of his, to halt at the word of command. After explaining and illustrating several times, he approached the recruit and demanded his name. 'Sullivan, Sorr,' was the reply. 'Did you ever drive a donkey?' 'Yes, Sorr.' 'What did you say when you wished him to stop?' 'Whoa.' The sergeant turned away, and immediately put his squad in motion. After they had advanced a dozen yards or so, he bawled out at the top of his lungs, 'Squad, halt! Whoa, Sullivan!'"—Yet there are those who think it wicked to make jokes about war! Those taking part in the present struggle see no harm in humour—very much the reverse.

\* The *Hangar Herald* (Printed and Published at No. 1 Base, British Expeditionary Force [France]). Price, 50 centimes.





THE RETURN TO THE ARMY: AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS: WELL DONE, CANADA!

**Music at the Front.**

Many weeks ago I wrote that one division of our Army had taken abroad with it its band instruments, and that probably this example would be copied by other divisions who had left their instruments at home. Apparently this has been done, for "Eye-Witness," who records small events as well as great ones, writes of the pleasure that the regimental bands are giving in some of the villages behind our front line, where the inhabitants as well as the soldiers gather round to listen to the music.

**Mouth-Organs.**

It was "Eye-Witness" who made a request for mouth-organs in order that our soldiers at the front should make "a cheerful noise," and thousands of these humble instruments have been sent out and distributed. They, and penny whistles, make capital marching music, as anyone who has seen the Inns of Court Corps marching to drill through the London streets knows. The Inns of Court possess a fine performer on the penny whistle, who is, I believe, the son of a late Lord Chief Justice.

**Sir Percy Girouard.**

Amongst the many distinguished officers who have come back from civil life to the Army to give their services at the time of our great national need is Sir Percy Girouard, who first sprang into fame when he made a railway across the desert in Egypt, thus enabling Lord Kitchener to bring supplies up to his troops in the campaign against the Mahdi. He has held high posts under the Government since then. He was President of the Egyptian Railway Board, and Director of the Railways in South Africa during the Boer War. He has been Governor of Northern Nigeria and of the East Africa Protectorate, and only retired from the Government service to take up the Deputy-Chairmanship of the great armament firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., of Elswick. He has resigned this position, and is now once again, as a Major-General, under his old Chief in the War Office. Sir Percy has another Christian name, Edouard, and he was born in Montreal.

**The Italian Army.**

Italy, as we all know, stands at the parting of the ways, and it may be, before the war is many weeks older, that her troops may be fighting as comrades of those of the Entente Powers. She can put at least a million men in the field, for her army in peace time numbers 300,000 men, counting in gendarmes and carbineers, and in war time the numbers are 1,061,000 men, of whom 735,000 are of the active army and 326,000 are the first line of the Territorial Army or Mobile Militia. If the second line of the Territorial army is called out, the numbers of the army will rise to about two million men, but military critics have

not a very high opinion of the training of this second line Militia. Conscription in Italy is tempered by voluntary enlistment for a year, and men who are the sole support of their families are not obliged to serve.

**A Kindly Russian.**

It is pleasant in the present war of hate and savagery to hear of incidents in which men help wounded enemies. One such incident comes from Western Poland. A German soldier lay wounded on the No Man's Land between the German trenches and the Russian trenches, and would, no doubt, have been killed sooner or later by the bullets that were flying about. But a Russian, seeing the desperate plight of his enemy, went out from the trenches of his regiment and threw up a breast-work, under fire from both sides, to give shelter to the wounded man. He sheltered himself also behind the little mound until darkness came on, and, binding up the German's wounds, then carried him into the Russian lines.

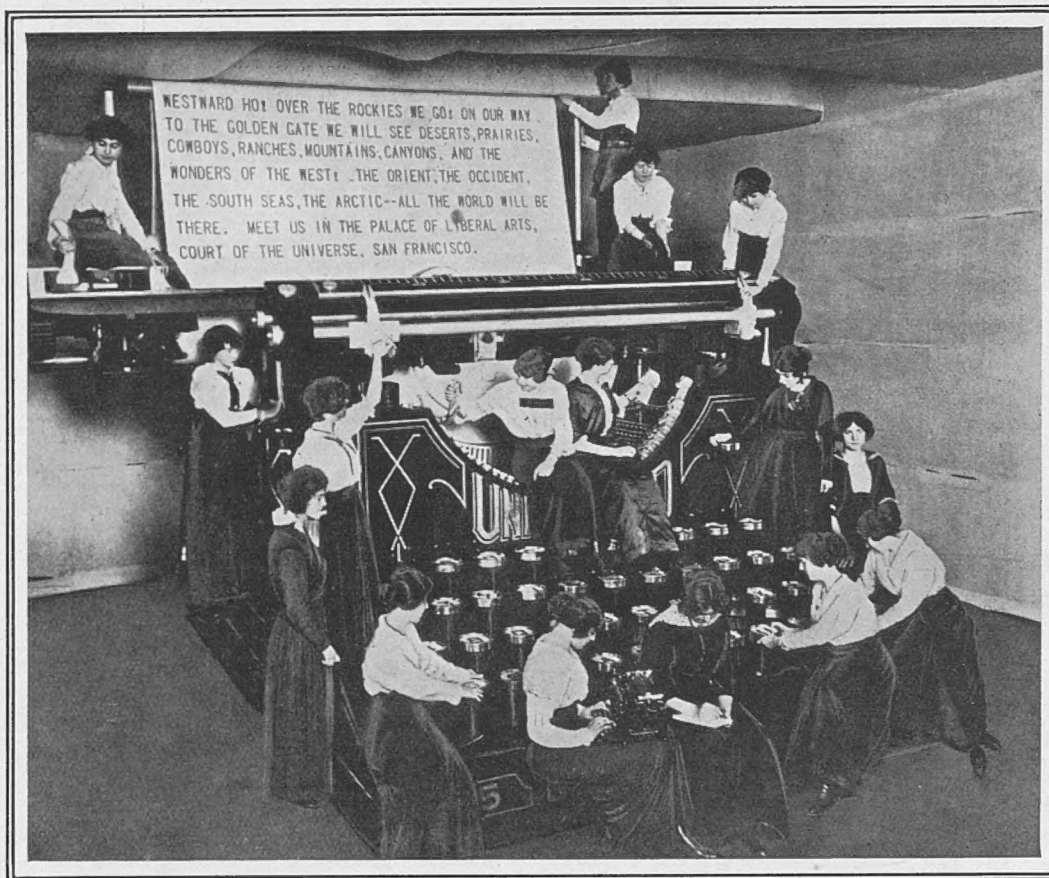
**A Spur to Recruiting.**

I think it was Carlyle who remarked that the common people of England had a great fondness for being killed, and although the old Scotchman put it, as was his wont, in a disagreeable manner, there is no doubt that heavy fighting brings men to the colours more surely than all the bands that ever played and all the speeches that ever were made. The splendid charge of the Canadians and the heavy fighting around Ypres gave recruiting in London and elsewhere throughout the country a great uplift. Many men who have a hundred good reasons for not joining the colours find those reasons disappear when they read that other Britons are fighting against tremendous odds

and are giving their lives for their country. It is this feeling, I believe, that makes voluntary service possible in England.

**The Canadian Charge.**

Canada is very justly proud of the behaviour of her sons in battle, for Sir John French has given them praise such as he rarely gives to any corps; but the casualties, the list of which reached Toronto before it reached London, are very heavy. Twenty-two officers killed and sixty-four wounded is a most grievous list, and amongst the killed are many men very well known in Canada, for the Dominion sent us of her best. Colonel McHarg, who commanded the 7th Battalion of the Canadians and who is on the Roll of Honour of the dead, was a champion rifle-shot and one of the best known men in the country. But the losses have only deepened the imperial spirit in Canada, and not only has the recruiting there increased, but there have been many large contributions made to the patriotic and to the hospital funds.

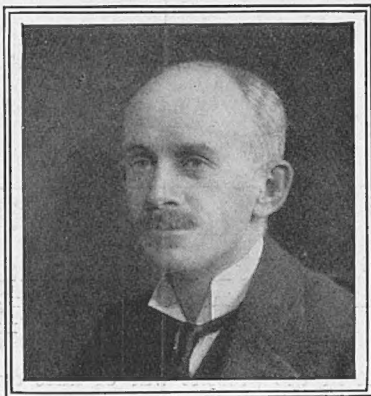


A 14-TON TYPEWRITER—1728 TIMES BIGGER THAN THE STANDARD TYPEWRITER BY WHICH IT IS WORKED: A GOLIATH OF LETTERS BUILT FOR THE PANAMA EXHIBITION.

One is accustomed to hear of tall things in the way of mechanical curiosities and contrivances across the Atlantic. We give above a representation of one, a mammoth typewriter which has been built—to use the aptest word—for display purposes at the Panama Exhibition. One of the curiosities of the Show, but also a working model, it is stated to be 1728 times larger than the ordinary standard-size machine, weighs 14 tons, and took two years to make, its cost being £2000. It is for use for writing exhibition bulletins with 3-inch letters on sheets of paper 9 feet wide. The giant is operated by electrical connection with an ordinary machine, and as the keys on the smaller typewriter are depressed, the corresponding big keys on the big one respond.—[Photograph by Fleet.]



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



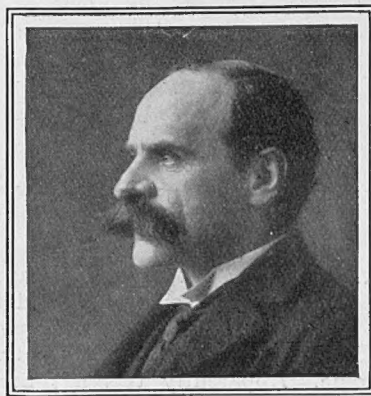
LORD HUGH CECIL—FOR BEING ABLE TO FLY OVER SALISBURY PLAIN.

Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., has been appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Military Wing of the Royal Flying Corps.—Lady Dorothe Feilding has been decorated by King Albert with the Cross of the Order of Leopold and mentioned in Brigade Orders for "giving



LADY DOROTHE FEILDING—FOR GIVING "THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF CONTEMPT OF DANGER AND DEVOTION TO DUTY."

to all almost daily the finest example of contempt of danger and devotion to duty."—Dr. John Scott Haldane, F.R.S., who officially tested the German asphyxiating gases, is a brother of Lord Haldane.—[Photographs by Lafayette, Swaine, and Elliott and Fry.]



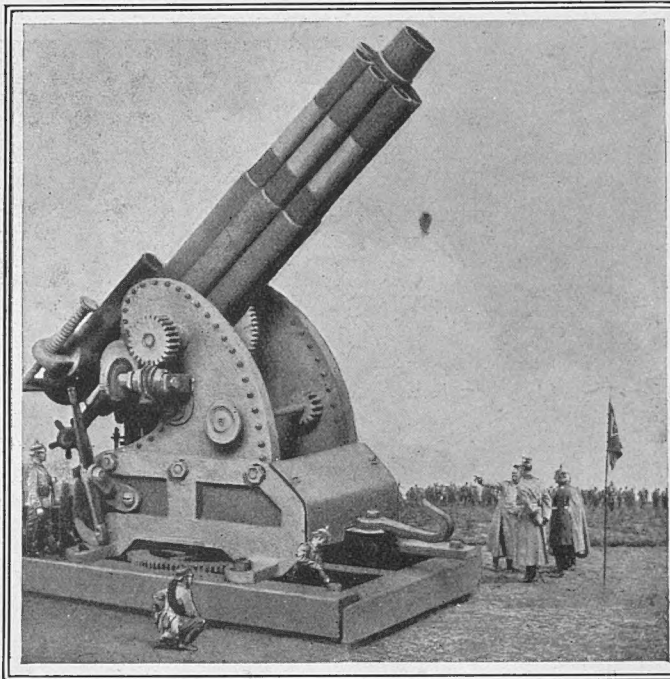
DR. J. S. HALDANE—FOR BEING WORTH LISTENING TO ON ASPHYXIATION.



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH—FOR BEING ABLE TO DO SO MUCH MURDER WITHOUT BREAKING THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

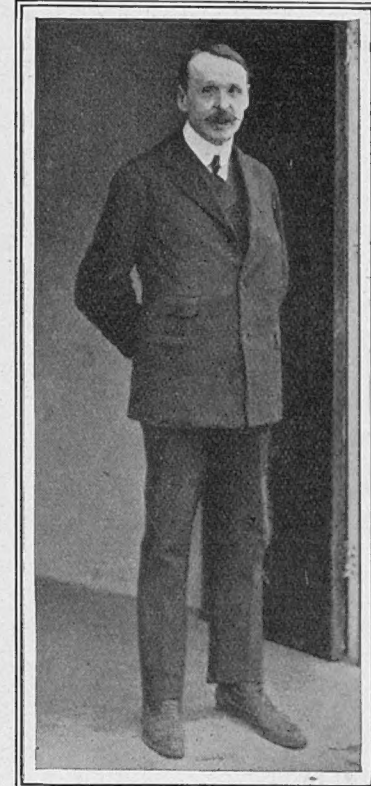
Mr. George Grossmith, who plays Duddles (*alias* the Hon. Dudley Mitten) in "To-night's The Night," at the Gaiety, has an amusing song called "Murders," in which he describes how he "did in" various people of the type who "never would be missed."—The "Milwaukee Free Press" has reproduced in deadly earnest the illustration in our "April Fool" Number of "Krupp's secret monster, eight-barrelled howitzer being inspected by the Kaiser." Our Milwaukee contemporary calls it "the Kaiser's eight-legged boot," and mentions that its range is thirty-two miles.

### Kaiser Inspects His New Howitzer of Eight Barrels; Shoots 32 Miles



THE "MILWAUKEE FREE PRESS"—FOR RISING SO GAILY TO OUR "APRIL FOOL" FLY, INSTEAD OF "SWATTING IT NOW"; AND TAKING THIS "FAKE" SERIOUSLY.

Dotted about the same paper are pictures of a fly with the words: "Swat it now!"—Mr. H. B. Steele, Hon. Sec. of the Press Representatives Committee at the Press Bureau, has explained how the famous Russian myth of the early days of the war arose. Many Russian officers, with their orderlies, came over to buy munitions, or as military attachés, landed in Scotland from Archangel, and travelled South. At the same time large bodies of Territorials were being moved at night in trains with drawn blinds to new camps.—[Photographs by Farrington, and L.N.A.]



MR. H. B. STEELE—FOR TELLING US HOW THE MYTHOLOGICAL RUSSIANS REALLY CAME TO ENGLAND.



MR. PAUL RUBENS—FOR LETTING OTHER COMPOSERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS HAVE A SHOW AT A FEW LONDON THEATRES.

Mr. Paul Rubens has no fewer than four pieces now on or just being put on the London stage. He wrote the music of "Betty" at Daly's, the music and lyrics of "To-night's The Night" at the Gaiety, some songs in "Floredora," revived at the Aldwych, and has collaborated with Miss Gladys Unger in "Striking," due at the Apollo to-morrow (Wednesday).—It is reported that the Turkish Council of Ministers



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY—FOR BEING ABLE TO GIVE HIS FAVOURITE HYMN AS "CONQUERING KINGS THEIR TITLES TAKE."

has asked the Sultan to accept the title of "Ghazi," or "Conqueror."—The Hon. Ivan Hay, one of the British officers prisoners in Germany removed to arrest-barracks in reprisal for the isolation treatment of German submarine prisoners in our hands, is a great-great-grandson of William IV, and second cousin once removed to the Kaiser.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, and Stanley's Press Agency.]



THE HON. IVAN HAY—FOR BEING STILL FURTHER "REMOVED" FROM AN INHOSPITABLE SECOND COUSIN.



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



TAKING THE SWELL HOME.



THE MAN ON THE KERB: Wot's 'e been doin'-drinkin'?

THE BARROW-PUSHER (whose "patient" has swollen "wisibly"): Yus; ginger-beer!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.





## SIR HUGH LANE.

WHEN Mr. Lewis Hind wrote his delightful book "Adventures Among Pictures" he lacked nothing but a hero. The adventures were there, but the adventurer was to seek: the author had to pass off his episodes as impersonal musings lest he should be regarded as a fabulous romancer instead of a critic. Since then Sir Hugh Lane has created the part in real life: he has done all the impossible and splendid things—the things that some magnate among art-dealers, flooded with a sudden glory of imagination, might do in a dream, but can never accomplish after tying his satin tie, reading his morning *Times*, and counting the possible cost of even one day's recklessness in King Street.

**The Pioneer.** Recklessness, of course, is only the dull man's word for the brilliant certainties that he himself has not the wit to bring about. To the dull man—that is, to the magnate among dealers who puts on caution with his silk hat and trusts to a picture's pedigree and to a nice calculation of his potential patrons' banking accounts rather than to his own genius for values—to such an one many of Sir Hugh's speculations have been wildly daring. This daring does not always mean the payment of vast prices; it means unexpected prices, and unlooked-for appreciations. The Wertheimers, the Duveens, the Agnews, the Kleinbergers give as much or more for the paintings which all the world knows must establish records; they back the "favourites," and back them heavily.

**Giving a Lead.** — Sir Hugh comes in with the outsiders. For Goya's "Femme Espagnole," for instance, valued by the experts in Paris at something just over a thousand pounds, he blithely paid close on six thousand, and had every reason to be pleased with his bargain. It was a small deal, but typical of his independence of the professional valuer. And with El Greco, the strange seer of dislocated visions, the story is the same. Lane has been the pioneer: he offered the National Gallery an example of that master of "all-surprising light," and his offer was rejected. Berlin and New York have since learned to close with such offers, probably at five times the price which seemed too much in Trafalgar Square. The other people learn and develop: Sir Hugh merely goes on bidding against the people he has taught to oppose him.

**Lady Gregory's Fairies.** His life has been pictures, and nothing but pictures. Like most sons of distinguished Irish families, he started with none of the advantages of fortune. Born at Ballybrack House, County Cork, in 1875, he entered life with mother wit and the blessing of his aunt, Lady Gregory, and of the fairies she keeps in her grounds in Coole Park in Galway. The little people endowed him with the power of seeing through blackened varnish—a small and restricted gift, it might be

said; but, in the event, valuable. He first used it in a country sale-room, and beheld, under various coatings of foreign matter, a genuine Frans Hals. That was the beginning of his career; the same gift enabled him, some five years ago, to see what nobody else could see, a great Titian in the shape of a portrait of a man in a red cap. The picture had been sent to London from the country, and was examined by numbers of well-known artists and experts. It was put up at Christie's, and only when it was knocked down to Sir Hugh, bidding against Duveen, for a figure that took the room entirely by surprise, did the company, too late, realise what it had lost. Cleaned, it turned out to be one of the most exquisite of the world's great pictures.

**In Fifteen Years.** We get an early glimpse of Sir Hugh in the pages of Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower's "Diary." "Young Hugh Lane," he writes in an entry fifteen years old, "has been down to see to the cleaning of my pictures." That, in those days, was part of Lane's training. Having been placed for a time with Mr. Martin Colnaghi, he got practical knowledge of the false and true surfaces of the Old Masters. What has he done since, and out of nothing? In fifteen years he has sat to Sargent and Mancini, grown a beard, shaved it, discovered or possessed at least two Titians and half-a-dozen Frans Hals, Holbeins, and hundreds of other first-rate pictures, won a knighthood, created two National Collections—in Ireland and South Africa—possessed himself of Lindsey House, decorated his walls with cartoons by Augustus John, rolled his lawn with a stone roller carved by the only great English sculptor of the present generation, possessed himself of everything (that is, except a wife), and from New York sent an offer, as if by an after-thought, on the last day of the Christie sale, of £10,000 for a portrait by a living painter—the £10,000 to swell the Red Cross funds.



THE £10,000 FOR A PORTRAIT BY J. S. SARGENT, R.A.: SIR HUGH LANE.

"The big bang on the drum of art was yet to come," said a contemporary, referring to the sensational and gratifying announcement made by Mr. Lance Hannen at Christie's on April 27, the final day of the great Red Cross Sale. Already Mr. Hannen had been able to announce a total of more than £38,000, and the "big bang" took the form of an announcement that Mr. J. S. Sargent, the great American-born portrait-painter, would cancel his resolution to paint no more portraits, and, for the sake of the wounded British soldiers and sailors, agree to the offer of £10,000 made by Sir Hugh Lane for a portrait to be painted by the famous Academician. It has been said that "there may be some shrewd guessing in the suggestion that Sir Hugh Lane, in making the offer, is armed with a backing from Mrs. George Widener, of Philadelphia." Sir Hugh Lane is a great authority on art, and Director of the National Gallery, Ireland. He has for years taken a leading part in the revival of Irish art by organising winter exhibitions at the Royal Hibernian Academy, and elsewhere. The £10,000, of course, goes to the Red Cross and Order of St. John Fund.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

**His Mission.** To say that his career has been solely a career of pictures does not, at first sight, do justice to its scope, its excitements, its romance. It is only when you look into its episodes one by one that the fulness of such a career becomes intelligible. Out of nothing, save his knowledge and a charming manner, he brought together the most remarkable of all collections of modern

works of art. He roped in gifts from every artist of distinction, from Rodin to Orpen, not for himself, but for Ireland. He nearly persuaded Dublin, and he quite persuaded Mr. Lutyens, to consent to build a bridge gallery across the Liffey that would have been one of the pleasant sights of Europe. But you must know Lindsey House and its owner—the richness of the one and the quiet enthusiasm of the other—to appreciate the content that comes on a man who makes collecting an art and dealing a mission.



## ALLIES: THE VAN CUTSEM-TRAFFORD WEDDING.



1. A PAGE: MASTER FRANK LUCAS.

2. THE BRIDE: MISS ELEANOR (NELL) TRAFFORD.

3. AFTER THE WEDDING: MR. AND MRS. HENRY VAN CUTSEM.

4. BRIDESMAIDS: THE MISSES ROSAMOND AND IMELDA TRAFFORD.

The Brompton Oratory held a host of well-known people on April 29, for the marriage of Miss Eleanor (Nell) Trafford, eldest daughter of the late Mr. E. S. Trafford and the late Hon. Mrs. E. S. Trafford, of Wroxham Hall, Norfolk, and Honington Hall, Lincolnshire, to Mr. Henry H. van Cutsem, of 3, Seamore Place, Park Lane, son of the late Mr. L'duard van Cutsem and the late Mrs. van Cutsem, The Château, Bleckenwyer, Marie Alter, Belgium. The Misses Rosamond and Imelda Trafford, sisters of the bride, were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Eric Hamilton acted as best man.

Owing to the war, there was no reception, but a family luncheon was held at Claridge's Hotel. Among the invited guests were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, whose present to the bride was a diamond-and-ruby pendant; Lord and Lady Petre, who sent a gold-mounted motoring-bag; the Earl and Countess of Granard, who gave silver Georgian sugar-casters; and both bride and bridegroom received many other costly and beautiful gifts. The Marquess and Marchioness of Bute and representatives of a large number of great Roman Catholic families were also among the invited guests.

Photographs by Photopress, Rita Martin, and Central Press.



## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IT took the Earl of Crawford no time at all to learn his job in the R.A.M.C. Within a very few weeks of enlisting he was told that his detachment had to leave for France immediately. The news was wired to Lady Crawford, who, letting a bazaar-opening fixture go by the board, hurried off with her children to utilise the brief time for good-byes allowed to a private in the Army.

*Getting There.* Most people who proffer their services to the R.A.M.C. know what it is to be told, in an aside, that "men like you are really wanted for the 'shooting' regiments." Fortunately for the wounded, many able-bodied men, resisting this very natural impulse—a warlike impulse proper in recruiting sergeants—persevere in their desire to put all their muscle and energy into the hard and, just at this time, incessant work of stretcher-bearing. Lord Crawford made up his mind that that was the thing he wanted to do, and he is doing it in record quick time. If he had joined any other corps he would still be at the beginning of his training instead of in the thick of the business.

*The Society at a Discount.* Chief of the clan of Lindsay, Premier Earl of Scotland, and a man stiffened with very positive tastes and opinions in politics and the arts, Lord Crawford might well have proved a somewhat "difficult" subject to his regimental superiors. At one time he was a Unionist Whip, and the Whips are the autocrats of the Commons; moreover, he is a

Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, and the holder of half-a-dozen distinctions which are apt to make a man somewhat impatient of the summary view of existence expressed in a sergeant's jerky orders. But he went into "Private" life with a will, and he looks upon his three weeks' training as among the happiest he has passed. He is, by the way, a qualified architect, with the right to add the letters A.R.I.B.A. to his name. And now he is near Ypres, with all his powers as an hon. secretary of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings very much in abeyance.

*A Slim "G. K. C."*

Mr. Chesterton is giving the caricaturists the slip. Latest advices from Beaconsfield bring the good news that he is able to move about his house again, that he is a new man—and thinner! The frontispiece to the book of poetry published last week is likely to be the last of the portraits of a person of Johnsonian bulk. That his grave illness should have put him on his feet again more active than he has been for years is like one of his own happy paradoxes. But it robs the caricaturist of an easy theme, and it robs him, too, of a ready jest at his own expense. He will no longer be able to propitiate distressed hostesses with tales of delay on the road through the collapsing of overstrained taxi-cabs—tales that originated years ago with a broken-down hansom-cab in Fleet Street.

*Aliens Worth Keeping.* Should we go on with our recreations? Mr. Balfour's acceptance of responsibilities connected with the concert platform marks his feeling that we need them as much, and more, than ever.

Music has its special uses at a time of stress; let us make the most of it, even when it is German! Mr. Balfour's two musical divinities are Brahms and Handel. He is not going to impoverish himself by relinquishing them to the enemy.

*Between the Lines.* Mr. Balfour is a model of discretion in regard to his visit to the front. He went quietly, returned quietly, and has been quiet ever since, save for one remark

about the heroism of the troops, which could have been made without a Channel crossing. There are party as well as military reasons for his silence. When Mr. Lloyd George went to France with another member of the Government a French General was detailed off to do the honours, no special facilities having been given for approaching the English lines. Handed over to our polite Allies as distinguished guests, they were gallantly entertained—within the French preserves. Mr. Balfour's experiences were somewhat different, but he must not break the political truce by untimely boastings.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN SURGEON: LADY BENNETT.

Lady Bennett is the wife of Sir William Henry Bennett, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S. Sir William is a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and a Commander of the Royal Order of the Redeemer, of Greece. Lady Bennett is the second wife of Sir William, to whom she was married last year, and is the daughter of the Rev. Allen Stewart Hartigan, of Monkstown, Co. Dublin.—Lady Lethbridge has been working in Belgium since the war began, and has now left for Serbia, with a party of fifteen, to take up the position of nurse with the Allied Field Ambulance Corps, which intends to go close up to the firing-line, in the North of Serbia.—[Photographs by Swaine.]



A RED CROSS NURSE FOR SERBIA: LADY LETHBRIDGE.



MOTHER OF THE GRANDSON OF A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE: LADY DECIES.

The birth of an heir to Lord Decies recalls the romance of his marriage to Helen Vivien, daughter of George Jay Gould, the American millionaire, in 1911. Miss Gould's dowry was said to be 45,000,000 dollars. Lady Decies is famous for her exhibits of wonderful cats.—[Photograph by Poole.]



THE WEDDING OF A STAFF OFFICER: CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. M. CROSSE.

Captain Crosse, R.A., is on the War Office Staff, and is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. R. Crosse, M.V.O. He was married the other day, at St. Luke's, Chelsea, to Miss Kelly, daughter of the late Brigadier-General Kelly, C.B., D.S.O. Our photograph shows them leaving the church after the ceremony.—[Photograph by Photopress.]



## LONELY SOLDIERS.



THE LADY (who has corresponded with a "lonely soldier," and now, for the first time, receives a call from her hero, who has been invalided home): Oh! Do you know—so foolish of me—I quite got the idea you were—er, well—a little younger—

THE HERO: Same 'ere, Mum. Leastways, that is, I thought you was a bit less ripe meself.



ALF: Bill, this 'ere blinkin' Keyser's got somethin' ter answer fer.

BILL: Only just thought o' that?

ALF: Well, y' see, to-day's my birthday, an' if it wasn't for this bloomin' war, me an' my young woman 'ud be woolfin' wheelks an' trotters down Whitechapel Road t'night.



FOR some inscrutable reason, everybody at an Academy Private View tries to occupy one and the same little patch of floor in the large gallery. Year after year you must go to that special position if you want to be sure of seeing all the prettiest women and all the most enterprising dresses. There is generally some good excuse in the way of a picture for a press of people at this given point, but equally good excuses in other rooms do not draw the same crowd. This year the Lavery is the most talked-of canvas in the whole exhibition; but, for all that, the place to find Mr. Lavery himself and most of the charming women who have been his sitters was in the same old North Central district of Gallery III.

*Lady Headfort's Ear-Rings.*

Nobody can seriously claim that the Marchioness of Headfort's ear-rings are as interesting or as important as Mr. Lavery's "Hospital," but they are hanging at exactly the right place in the large room to be talked about, and, let it be added, in exactly the right ears. Mr. Orpen's portrait of Lady Headfort is very charming and very like, but it seems that it does more than acquit itself well as a portrait: it heralds the return to favour of ear-rings that swing like sign-boards from my lady's lobe.

*For the Cause.*

Lady Wernher marked her Christie catalogue with much more spirit than most other women can muster when they make a book for Punchestown or see their programmes filled at a county dance. She treated the great sale as if it were the sporting event of the week, took any number of risks, and enjoyed herself despite the somewhat gloomy company surrounding her. "Do you think I really want anything?" she said, with a laugh, when her neighbour asked her if she was keen about the next lot. Of course she wasn't; but she showed a genius for seeming

extraordinarily gay over endless unnecessary additions to the already endless list of her superfluous possessions.

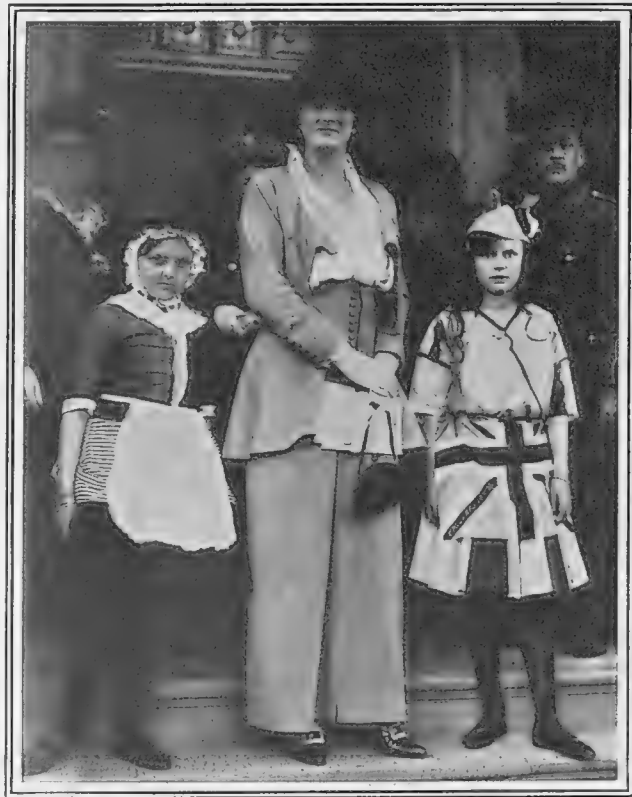
*Lady Wernher's Flower-Beds.*

when Lady Wernher left her

The gloom that fell upon her neighbours, and even upon the auctioneer, place for five minutes showed how much of the sale's liveliness was her own. Sir Robert Hudson's attention grew slack, and Mr. Gosse's spirits flagged until her return. One memento of the sale over and above the many she paid for is to come to her from the librarian of the House of Lords. "Your catalogue is shabby; I'm going to buy you another, and bind it in morocco—red morocco," said Mr. Gosse before the end. "And write in it," she added, as if that would complete her happiness in life. And then, when everybody else dispersed for tea, she went to a show of primulas and auriculas as if they, too, were the things she lived for. The flowers are, perhaps, a more authentic joy than autographs, for her garden is in the making, and she herself is making it.

*The Alexander Crowd.*

Lady Alexander and Lady Drogheda "were among the well-known ladies who darted energetically about selling programmes," says the reporter. It is not a good picture of Lady Alexander in any case, and all the darting at the American Women's Matinée was done by the people who wanted programmes and who wanted to look. Lady Alexander, her husband, and her frocks have a way of drawing little knots of interested persons. At the Royal Academy private view this was especially noticeable. As soon as he came in, Sir George was surrounded by the usual bevy of damsels, all of whom, when he looked their way, pretended to be interested in the pictures. One can hardly hope that he was deceived—he is too well versed in the ways and means of youthful adoration.



OPENING A "WHITE ELEPHANT" SALE FOR A GOOD PURPOSE:  
MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

The "Society Function" is superseded this season by the charitable effort. Mrs. Winston Churchill is active in such good work and is here shown opening a "Caledonian Market and White Elephant Sale"—a war-time version of the familiar parochial "jumble sale"—in aid of a Tipperary Room, at Victoria Hall, Ealing. Mrs. Churchill is seen with her escort of little dancers, representing England and Wales.—[Photograph by C.N.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HAROLD D. HARPAM: MISS AIMATA MARY POUND.



ENGAGED TO THE REV. FRANCIS E. S. JACOMB-HOOD: MISS MARGARET IRENE CHILVER.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT C. A. E. CHUDLEIGH: MISS ROSALIE M. WILSON.



ENGAGED TO SECOND LIEUTENANT MAURICE ARBUTHNOT: MISS MADELINE BOSANQUET.

Miss Pound is the only child of the late Dr. Clement Pound, and Mrs. Pound, of Pentryn, Camberley, and grand-daughter of the late Captain W. H. Bridge, R.N. Captain Harpham, 9th S. Staffordshire Regiment, is the son of the late Rev. F. H. Harpham, Rector of Cantley, Norfolk.—Miss Chilver is the youngest daughter of the Rev. Charles S. Chilver, of Gate House, Midhurst. Mr. Jacomb-Hood is the only son of the late Mr. F. Jacomb-Hood and Mrs. Jacomb-Hood, of Redlands, Emsworth, and is Rector of Iping-cum-Chithurst.—The engagement is

announced of Miss Rosalie M. Wilson to Lieutenant C. A. E. Chudleigh, Leicestershire Regiment, eldest son of the Rev. R. A. Chudleigh, of Swanage, formerly Rector of West Parley, Dorset. The wedding is to take place shortly.—Miss Bosanquet is the daughter of Sir F. Albert Bosanquet, K.C., Common Sergeant of London, and of Lady Bosanquet, of 12, Grenville Place, S.W. Second Lieutenant Arbuthnot, 16th Lancers, A.D.C. to Major-General Hubert Gough, C.B., is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot, of Elderslie.—[Photographs by Lafayette and Val l'Estrange.]



*Territorialisms.*



HOW YOU FEEL—I. WHEN YOU GET YOUR FIRST STRIPE.

DRAWN BY STAN. TERRY.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## "THE FINISH TO YOUR FUN."

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

WHEN the cold whistles began to call along the galleries of the trenches the men of the new drafts shot out of the bomb-proofs like firemen answering a brigade call from a danger-zone. They wrenched their rifles from the hooks in the roof-posts or snatched them wildly from the armoury battens, fell out of the place in a heap, and were up the duck-ladders as though they recognised that only their earnestness could save the situation. When the young soldier comes to the firing-line he is always in a hurry to be killed. He thinks that if he doesn't get to his loophole within a certain number of seconds the enemy will flood out the position with the great wave of their charge. The old soldiers are never tired of laughing at this exquisite joke.

The veterans came out of the bomb-proofs and climbed the ladders with dignity and calm. The men of the new drafts were already cramming clips into their magazines and were preparing to sell their lives for their country with a grim and passionate valour. The men older in war sucked calmly at their pipes. Before removing the small boulders that stopped their loopholes and so exposing themselves to the risk of a bullet from a snap-shooting sniper, the older men asked the younger exactly where the enemy happened to be. . . . They named certain objects on the countryside before the trench, and asked if the attacking lines had passed them. The new draft men, of course, had removed the bullet-stopping stones from their loopholes, and very obligingly put their heads into the range of possible bullets, so that they might be able to tell the veterans all they wanted to know.

The veterans loosened their own stones so that they could be removed at a gesture, chose with deliberation clips from the cartridge-recesses let into the earth at elbow-height, glanced casually at the range-chart nailed to a support of the splinter-proof—and waited. No need to get excited. There were officers in the observation and in the fire-control posts who would let them know when to get busy at the precise moment when they should get busy. There were even industrious subalterns with brand-new periscopes anxious to make certain that the observation and fire-control officers did not muff their chances and let the firing-line down. There would be some pretty hot work presently—why rush head-down into it?

Away behind this line of trenches the nervy coughing of the guns began to blend into a ringing uproar as more and more artillery concentrated in an effort to pull up the attacking force. Along the line of the trenches there was a continuous eructating outburst of explosion as big shells hit either in or outside the works. Always the crackling smash of the shrapnel sounded overhead, and the men could hear the drumming hailstorm of its bullets hitting down at the splinter-proof above them. Now and then the hail burst through, struck men down, and then the bearers became busy.

The Veteran was glad that the Recruit was his firing mate. He hadn't taken much stock of the fellow since he had come up a couple of days ago with this new lot from home, but the conversation the whistles had cut short had awakened a personal interest. The conversation, which was all about a girl who loved a soldier (even if he was a recruit), had been broken off, like the serial stories, at its most interesting point. The Veteran was anxious to hear the rest of it. He turned to the Recruit when he had seen that his rifle was all in order.

"That girl who was so soft on you," he said. "I reckon she was pretty?"

The Recruit danced before his loophole, a tiny shuffling dance of overmastering excitement.

"There they are!" he called. "There they are! There's a big wad of them. They came out of those ruins—in a bunch. I guess I could fetch down half-a-dozen—easy. Why don't we get the word to shoot?"

"You'll get it when you're likely to hit 'em. They're two thousand off. You jest wait, sonny." The Veteran spoke in an all-wise and all-knowing tone to the exceedingly young. The Veteran was possibly six-months older than the Recruit, but the six months were active-service months, and that fact gives a man a pedestal to talk from. The Recruit danced again.

"They're down," he called. "They're prone. They're shooting at us."

There was, indeed, a new and sullen sound to be heard in the orgy of firing. Along the face of the trench there was a noise that might have been made by big drops of summer rain. The rifle-bullets were arriving.

"They like it," said the Veteran grimly. "Gives them a good feeling in the rush. Sometimes they hit, though; get away from your loophole, man. If you *must* poke your rifle out, stand clear."

The Recruit gulped bravely—and jumped clear.

"Nothing won't happen for five minutes yet—five minutes at least. Let's 'ave the rest of that about this girl."

"Hey?" jerked the Recruit. He glanced anxiously at the loophole, not quite certain that it could look after itself if he were away from it. "Hey? Oh, she was real soft on me, you know. Never saw a gel so soft. 'Ad only to put up me little finger—"

"Pretty?"

"Oh, real pretty. Quiet and retiring, too—never should 'ave thought it was in her. But she was real gone on me."

The Veteran grinned. He was wise in the ways of women. He knew how the uniform got hold of them. Mars was the conqueror—even the most unexpected of the sex succumbed. He had always found such stories of love amusing—he found this one peculiarly so. The girl seemed to have been head-over-ears and idiotic in her passion.

"She wanted me to marry her—said I ought. . . . I might have done it, too—she was a nice girl, y'see. But comin' away out 'ere, and all that . . ."

"I know," said the Veteran, with a large, man-of-the-world air. "They're all like that."

The sergeant came bustling along the line of men. He stabbed keen glances at them and their rifles, and he gave the range in final tones.

"Eight hundred mark," he said. "Give it 'em hot, but don't chuck the lead away." He passed along, and in a minute a spatter of shrapnel caught him in the shoulder and tore it to pieces. The bearers had him out of the trench almost before he dropped.

The shrapnel and the big shells were ranging with great accuracy now. The defending guns, with their deep bayings, were trying to smother the bombardment, but not with any degree to make the gunners pleased with themselves. The enemy's shells were landing

[Continued overleaf.]



## THE WAR TOUCH IN WIT.



HUBBY: 'Ere, not ser much o' that 'igh-angle fire!

DRAWN BY RADCLIFFE WILSON.



THE HOPE OF HIS SIDE.

DRAWN BY FREDERICK GARNETT.



THE STONE-BREAKER: This 'ere prohibition is all rot; why, I know from me own experience that I can do double the work when I've had a drop o' drink—workin' two 'ammers all the afternoon instead of one.

DRAWN BY RADCLIFFE WILSON.



JIM: 'Ere, Bill, you're a bit av a scholar. W'ell, s'posin' I meet a certain bloke to-night an' I want to say to 'im: "You bloomin' well keep orf the blinkin' grass, 'cause this 'ere's my bit o' skirt, and don't you blinkin' well forget, elst I'll blinkin' well put it acrost you and sharp. You 'op it." . . . Now, 'ow d'yer say that like in French?

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

incessantly. The trenches were torn apart with explosions and battered with lashing whips of shrapnel. Now and then the earth would split with a roar, a gush of thick, black-green smoke would swirl along the galleries, and somewhere along the line the trench blew up in a geyser-spout of vapour and flame, caved, and buried men under the shifted earth. A howitzer shell had hit its mark. Now and then the bullet-proof was shattered by a percussion shrapnel, and the shell itself burst like a giant cracker on top of the men. When a shell hit, however, it killed not more than two at a time; the fire recesses all along the line were arranged each to hold that number only.

"They're all like that," said the Veteran. "They all think a feller should marry 'em. Funny, aren't they?" He nodded cynically. "What was her name?"

"I think the name she gave me wasn't 'ers—like the name I give 'er. Jenny, she told me to call her. But I reckon it wasn't Jenny, really."

"Same old game," said the Veteran. "Was she little an' dark and secret-like?"

"No-o. She wasn't really little. She was bigger than me, not so big as you, and she was fair—fairer than you even—an' I should call her quiet."

A wave of bustle swept along the trench. The line of men stiffened and quickened. A crackling of orders broke out. Wise things were uttered in loud voices by junior officers. Sergeants began chanting the song of their kind. It was a sort of hymn demanding of the gods of battle steady and rapid firing. The Veteran snatched his brick from his loophole, shoved his rifle through, snapped a glance along it, put the bullet end of a cartridge into his mouth, gave it a solemn twist, and then snapped it into the breech of his gun. He was a marksman, and had the marksman's tricks for making the first shot tell. He had already filled his magazine, and now he thumbed out the cut-off so that the cartridges in the clip could be brought into action at once.

"You see," he said quickly to the Recruit when he had done all this, "ye see, it 'appens that you were doin' your training in the place I live in when I'm at 'ome. I wondered if I knew the 'ussy who chucked 'erself at you. I know all the girls there, of course."

The Recruit was fumbling with his rifle. He jerked a word at the Veteran in the midst of his agitation.

"Why didn't you say that before?" he cried. "I've got 'er photo in me pocket." The whistles began calling in imperative tones. "I'll let you 'ave a squint at 'er when this job's through."

The entire firing-line leapt to life in a crash of shooting, and a wave of flame rushed out to meet the attack.

The shelling had stopped. The enemy were running at the trenches in fat, urgent lines. They came on, shouting and firing to keep their own spirits up. Machine-gun sections had lugged their little low-hung pieces all the way across the mud, they plumped the spidery things down where they thought they could catch the trenches on a slight enfilade, and they let drive with their hose-jet of bullets immediately. The sand-bags of the defence works were "phutting" and rustling with a streaming wind of bullets. Sometimes these bullets steered themselves through the loopholes and a man spun backwards, either holding his left arm anxiously or going over with a final plop into the sump-hole. That man would fire no more.

The enemy were bumping hard at those ragged holes in the lines of parapets made by their howitzers. They had the firmest of intentions about getting through. The riflemen in the trenches set themselves the strenuous task of keeping them out by means of a solid and unceasing blast of death. The rifles were firing with sweeping lines of lead at the mass as it bunched to pour through the shattered entanglements at the holes in the works. The men were firing with incredible rapidity, yelling and swearing as though they would urge on their bullets to greater power and speed. Behind, from their own machine-gun trenches, there came the snoring whirr of the sewing-machine quick-firers, coughing out shot as fast as the tin belts could be fed into the chambers. The defending artillery had stopped now, and the game of battle was given over to the febrile screaming of the rifles and mitrailleuses, to the shouting energies of raging, individual men.

As the bullets caught the packed mass of the assault the men fell down in heaps. They tumbled in queer, abrupt, and disconcerting gouts, as though a giant had swept a stick against their feet and toppled them over by the platoon. The dead piled themselves up into little mounds that the men in the trenches would have been pleased to see if these piles did not get into the way of good shooting.

The enemy drove through the destroyed entanglements and came thronging up the glacis. They were making for the gaps in the line, but they were also busy to suppress all energy all along the front. The bombs began to arrive. They came dropping on top of the splinter-proofs, or through the holes in the splinter-proofs, and they blazed off with their vicious red explosions.

They blew in the head-shelters so that they collapsed on the necks of the men firing in the recesses beneath, or they landed in the recesses and scattered their slugs and their bits of rough iron in a terrible and prodigal gesture of death over every inch of the cramped spaces. When the splinter-proofs were blown down the men beneath swore and worked their shoulders clear of the mess (if they were alive to do it), and went on with the business in hand with redoubled effort. When the grenades landed without hindrance in a firing recess, the man or men (if any) left unscathed went on firing with a more vicious fury. They did not pay attention to the explosion. No time to get romantic about a thing like that—business was too brisk.

A grenade landed in the recess where the Veteran and the Recruit were fighting. The Veteran, when he had got some of the dirt out of his eyes and had picked himself up from the wall of sand-bags, mentioned his opinion of the enemy with genius and terseness, and had fired and fired and fired. He didn't know whether the Recruit had been hit or not. He didn't care—he had much too much to do.

The guns of both sides opened again. Both groups fired steadily over the ganglion of fighting, each fervently anxious to cut off with barriers of explosion and fire and death any chance reinforcements sent to the battling men. By flinging these screens of shrapnel and common shell across the routes of attack and defence the gunners made it impossible for infantry to pass to the aid of their fellows. This was a good idea as far as the defenders were concerned. There were some communication trenches left unbattered, and reinforcements could come along them. The attackers were in a more difficult position; they had neither communication trenches nor hopes of reinforcements.

The idea made them more furious. They came on with the savage desperation of trapped animals. They burst their way through the pelting bullets, swarmed up the torn glacis, and broke into one of the howitzer-shell gaps. Here bayonets came together with a thick and ugly crash. The defenders catapulted themselves on to the head of the attack. The head of the attack went down, and the miserable bodies clogged the feet of the fight. More men drove themselves up from the glacis, more and more defenders dived into the wriggle of steel-tipped humanity that wrestled for supremacy at the break in the line. Slightly nervous men galloping along the communication galleries saw the wriggle and were into it head-first.

It was just like a crowd of players bumping into a scrum at football. The mass accumulated. It was now not a question of rifle or bayonet, but of sheer pressure. Gravity won the day. The attackers were on the lower slope, the pressure from above drove them downwards. They fought madly for a moment, then the lump of knotted men began to disintegrate violently. Human particles went breaking away at a great pace. They whirled about, and when they did not drop earthward in a frantic spreadeagle they ran for all they were worth. The rifles and the quick-firers along the parapets took up the tale of fighting again with quick, nervous barks. The whirling human fragments dissolved into the dun earth as they fled. Those who ran more nimbly than the rifle-bullets were scorched to death by the shell-fire when they entered its terrible zone. They collapsed, too.

The assault was ended.

There was no pursuit. At once, when the attack buckled, the enemy's guns began to leap into the air. The fierce shelling of the works commenced with a more bitter and venomous fury. The men who had beaten back the head of the attack scuttled to cover with a nimble science. The firing all along the line waned. The men stood up, wondering why they felt so stiff. They wiped the thick sweat from their foreheads, told anybody within shouting distance that "that was a thick 'un," breathed deeply, and took stock of things.

The Veteran rubbed his hand over his eyes, straightened, and snorted.

"Lord!" he said. "That was close enough, hey?"

The Recruit should have answered. He did not answer. He was lying collapsed like an empty sack under his loophole, and it was not necessary to examine him to know how he had died. The mark of the grenade is terrible and unmistakable.

"Sakes," said the Veteran, "that made a mess of you! That girl wouldn't know you now, my lad."

He nodded like a man giving advice, and then he remembered that the Recruit had a photograph of the girl. The Veteran wondered who she was. As she came from his district he'd be sure to know her. He knelt, fumbled in the dead man's pockets, and found the photograph.

He took one look at the photograph of the girl the Recruit had ruined and wouldn't marry. But he did not grin. The girl was pretty enough—in fact, he had always thought her the prettiest girl he knew. But it was not that which kept back his cynical leer: it was the identity of the girl herself—she was his own sister.

THE END.





**VELVA**

**CRÈME DE LYS.**

An absolutely necessary preparation for ladies desirous of regaining and retaining the freshness and purity of the Skin.

*In Jars, 1/9 & 2/9 Post Free.*

**VELVA**

**COMPLEXION POWDER.**

Exquisitely fine, cool and refreshing, delicately perfumed.

Colours: Blanche, Rachel, Naturel.

*1/-, 2/-, 3/- and 4/- boxes Post Free.*

Although the above preparations are sold at such low prices, they are the result of carefully tested experiments and made from the purest and choicest ingredients obtainable.

MARY GRANT,

1, HANOVER ST., HANOVER SQUARE, W.

**I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT.**



I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and strong as I was I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation because I knew that I must give up business, or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration, and succeeded, for 36 lbs. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practice tiresome exercises nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same, as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose 1d. stamp to pay postage. — W. Grace Hartland (Dept. 872), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

**TRIPLE NINON NIGHT WRAPPER**

This charming Nightdress is made from an entirely new material, which combines the grace and softness of Chiffon with the strength and substance of Crêpe de Chine, and is guaranteed to wear and wash thoroughly well. The nightdress is entirely hand-made by our own skilled workers, and finished by a net fold put in with cambric beading.

In Ivory, White, Pink, and Sky.  
Special Price

**29/6**

Knickers, Chemises, and Camisole, to match, 21/9

**Debenham & Freebody**

Wigmore Street,  
(Covendish Square) London, W.



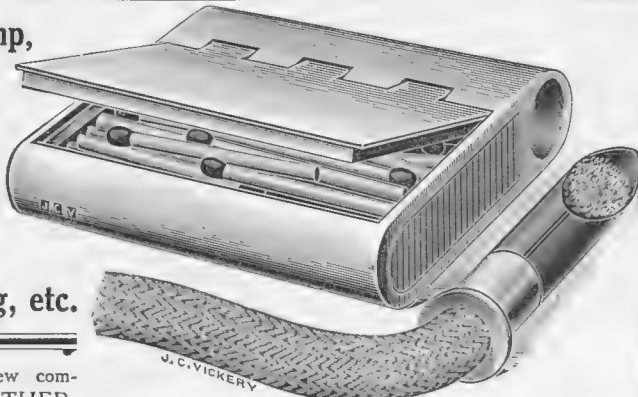
**THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LIMITED,**

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should apply to the above Agency in all matters dealing with arrangements for reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c.

*Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," &c.*

**10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.**

**For Camp, Active Service, on Board Ship, Motoring, etc.**



Vickery's new combined WEATHER-PROOF Matchbox and Tinder-lighter, in Solid Sterling Silver, exact size of illustration ... **42/-**

Send for List of Active Service Comforts.

**WEATHERPROOF MATCHBOX & TINDER-LIGHTER.**



**FREE INSURANCE**

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

**OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,**

36 TO 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.)

**COUPON - INSURANCE - TICKET.** (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, season ticket holder, or trader's ticket holder, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his or her usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act" 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

May 5, 1915

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to **The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.**

# CUNARD

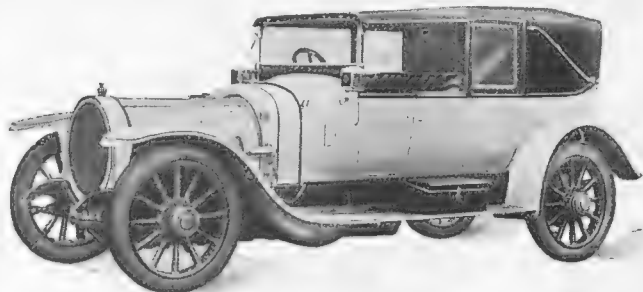
## MOTOR CARRIAGE WORK

The sale of new cars this season will naturally be small owing to Government requirements, and consequent limitation of supply,

BUT

the body of your present car can be brought up to date by means of conversion or alteration. Torpedo bodies can be converted into up-to-date Cabriolets or Landaulettes, or alternately re-modelled to most modern designs. Closed Motor Carriages of all descriptions renovated and brought equally up to date.

Illustration herewith shows Cabriolet converted from Torpedo.



Estimates willingly given. Only highest class work undertaken. Please write giving appointment for our representative to call upon you.

CUNARD MOTOR & CARRIAGE CO., LTD.  
135, LOWER RICHMOND ROAD,  
PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W.

# "SANITAS" DISINFECTING FLUID

**BEST WASH FOR WOUNDS & SORES.  
BEST MOUTH WASH & ANTISEPTIC GARGLE.  
BEST AIR PURIFIER.  
DESTROYS ALL DISEASE GERMS.**



CLEAN  
FRAGRANT  
NON-POISONOUS  
Does not stain Linen

6<sup>p</sup> & 1/- Bottles

5/- per Gallon  
PACKAGES EXTRA

THE SANITAS CO LTD LONDON, E.

## OUR DUMB FRIENDS LEAGUE

(A SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS).

PRESIDENT ... THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

## BLUE CROSS FUND TO HELP HORSES IN TIME OF WAR.

PRESIDENT ... LADY SMITH-DORRIEN.

Increased demands for Veterinary Requisites, Horse Clothing, etc.

**Extracts from some of the many Grateful Letters received by the BLUE CROSS FUND (Our Dumb Friends League):**

"Please accept my very best thanks for the supply of medicines, comforts, etc., you so kindly sent me. My sergeant nearly fainted when he saw the size and contents of the sack. I can assure you it has put new life into him and in the horses which stood badly in need of such things. (Signed) LIEUT. ———, Highland Light Infantry."

"The Saddlers and Farriers are simply delighted with the supplies. CAPTAIN ———, R.F.A."

"You very kindly sent us out a handsome present of five twitches, they answered very well indeed, are most humane and very portable, which is the chief point out here. I do not think these twitches can be beaten, and are certainly the best we have ever had. LIEUT. ———, Dragoon Guards."

## HORSE HOSPITALS FOR WOUNDED & DISABLED HORSES IN THE WAR ZONE.

By Special Sanction of the French Government, which officially recognises the BLUE CROSS.

Owing to considerable extension of work,  
FUNDS ARE STILL GREATLY NEEDED.

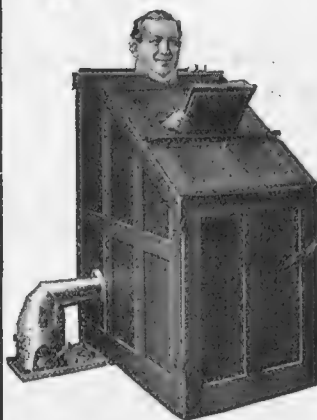
ARTHUR J. COKE, Sec., 58, Victoria St., London, S.W.

# Onoto Pens

are the only Standard  
10/6 Fountain Pens All  
British Made by a British  
Company with British  
Capital and Labour.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.

## TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.



All the delights and benefits of hot-air, steam, medicated, and perfumed baths can now be enjoyed privately at home with assured safety and comfort by the use of our patent folding Cabinet. Physicians recommend it for the prevention and cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Skin Diseases, &c.

### AN IDEAL HEALTH-GIVING LUXURY.

Thermal Baths force the impurities and poisonous matters through the pores of the skin, increase the circulation of the blood, and vitalise the whole body. Nothing else accomplishes such perfect cleanliness, or so quickly quiets the nervous and rests the tired. Our patent Cabinet embraces every desirable feature and possesses several exclusive advantages. It can be used in any room, and folds into a small compact space. No assistant is required.

Dr. Gordon Stables says:—"FOOT'S is the BEST THERMAL CABINET"

Prices from 35/-

"Bath Book," B 13, Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., 171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.



*Born 1820  
—Still going strong.*



JOHNNIE WALKER : "You've heard what the War Minister says about you! eh?"

AVIATOR (R. F. C.) : "Yes! He describes us as your friends describe you."

JOHNNIE WALKER : "How's that?"

AVIATOR (R. F. C.) : "The finest in the world."



# WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Royal Academy in Khaki.

The show at Burlington House deserves everyone's patronage this year, for the Royal Academy, as everyone knows, has proved a most gallant and patriotic body. Old and young, in the intervals of work, have drilled assiduously; many of their most famous members have offered to paint a portrait free for the Red Cross fund; they have given up this year, from motives of good taste, that annual banquet which is their best advertisement, and which confers the hall-mark of fame on those guests who are honoured with an invitation; while many of the Associates are in khaki or have already lost their dearest in the war. The young son of an Associate of great originality—I speak of Charles Sim—perished in the blowing up of the *Bulwark*. That amazing young artist, Mr. Glyn Philpot, just elected an A.R.A., has been in khaki since September, and may, for aught I know, be already at the front. On Varnishing Day, it is rumoured, there was quite a gallant show of men in khaki, touching up their canvases. Artists, in England, have proved themselves no more decadent than the rest, but every inch as patriotic and self-sacrificing. Perhaps more so than many of those thicker-skinned individuals who make up our race, for the artist—be he painter, sculptor, or architect—must possess a powerful imagination to succeed in his craft, and without imagination we cannot picture the hideous possibilities inherent in this world-war; and if we do not envisage these possibilities we are apt to be slack and indifferent. In every effort they have made the Royal Academicians have shown themselves foresighted, resolute, and of high hope and courage.

## Some Women and the War.

If there are still many feminine persons who fail to take the war seriously, and whose only comment on or interest in the grim doings over there consists in bemoaning, in club and drawing-room, the loss of "poor Captain Threestars, of the—th," it is owing to the atmosphere of incurable frivolity in which such girls have been allowed to grow up. It was obvious to all that of late years nobody read, much less thought. The young generation, though delightful to look at and to watch playing games, dancing, or "ragging," were not at all impressed by the necessity of cultivating their minds. Indeed, their thoughts were all on muscle, in the intervals of strenuous amusement—which, I hasten to add, was often combined with the ambition of acquiring biceps. The result is we got cheery young things who could, by means of ju-jitsu, contrive to overthrow a London policeman, but who certainly could not give you an idea of what this terrific war-conflict means or why it came about. For the last five years or so the population of these islands, of all classes, have been obsessed by the idea of having a "good time." Their mental horizon was limited by this prospect, and it simplified Life for them, for was not England rich, prosperous, peaceful, and incredibly unlikely—so they told themselves—ever to be involved in a war with three great European Powers? These young things,

boys and girls alike, wrapped in their insular complacency, and incapable of imagining any change, were extraordinarily self-centred and frivolous. Yet note what education did. The spirit of the boys changed in the twinkling of an eye with the first German advance on Brussels and Antwerp. They understood because they had been trained and treated like responsible human beings, and their answer to the call was unanimous. I think the least we can do with the girls of the future—who will, in their turn, become mothers of fighting men—is to educate them and open their minds to the vast responsibilities before them.

## The Recreations of Society.

There are no entertainments now, or possible in the near future, save those which have a pretext of Red Cross aid or kindred undertakings. These, however, are of various if not specially exhilarating kinds. There is the tea-concert at a big private house, where rows of New Hats listen pensively to recitations or songs produced by the Allies, and then escape, stealthily, to tea and buns. There are the Tableaux, in which beautiful but mature creatures kindly pose for our delight; there is the "scratch" theatrical entertainment at a theatre, where you are pounced upon by houris to disburse five shillings for a programme; there is the martial concert with massed bands; there are the lectures on the war by self-made experts; and—nicest of all—the concerts for wounded soldiers in the hospitals. Thus, though we cannot exactly be *folâtre*, we can be socially and patriotically occupied of an afternoon and evening. Yet, as spring advances, I fancy those who have country houses, or even a cottage with a garden, will quit the town and immerse themselves in rural occupations. They are a wonderful antidote to the strain of the war, which is much greater, to people who think, than they themselves may realise.

## Véronique and Flounces.

At such an hour as this it seems desperately futile that any human being should be concerned with such unnecessary things as flounces: one would

even have supposed that the gods who rule on the Olympus of fashion would have decreed some simpler and more reasonable attire than that women have hitherto worn. Yet in the midst of Armageddon we are asked to add to our existing disabilities by putting on floppity, distended skirts, by adding yards and yards of stuff to our persons. It is true that Véronique, swinging in a cardboard forest at the Adelphi Theatre, in the same attire in which Mme. Marnoux captivated the egregious hero of "Education Sentimentale" in 1840, looks pretty enough. But surely 1840 has nothing to do with 1915, and, moreover, one has a suspicion that only Parisiennes wore these coal-scuttle bonnets and crinolines with elegance, and that Englishwomen looked as dowdy in them as we can see for ourselves in John Leech's immortal drawings.



DRESSES OF THE MOMENT.

On the left is shown a dress of faille silk and gaberdine in the new "soldier-blue" colour, with under-sleeves and collar of white lawn and a tie of black moiré ribbon. The centre frock is made of jade-green gros-grain silk, with sleeves and frilled under-skirt of voile-de-soie in the same shade. The buckle and buttons are of jade, and the collar of white organdi muslin. The right-hand dress has a bodice of nigger-brown taffeta, trimmed with amber buttons, opening to show a frilled under-vest of white tulle, the collar and cuffs being also of this material. The skirt is of champagne-coloured crêpe-de-soie, with its hem cut out in tabs with a narrow binding of taffeta.



Must be tried  
to be appreciated.



**"ERASMIC"**

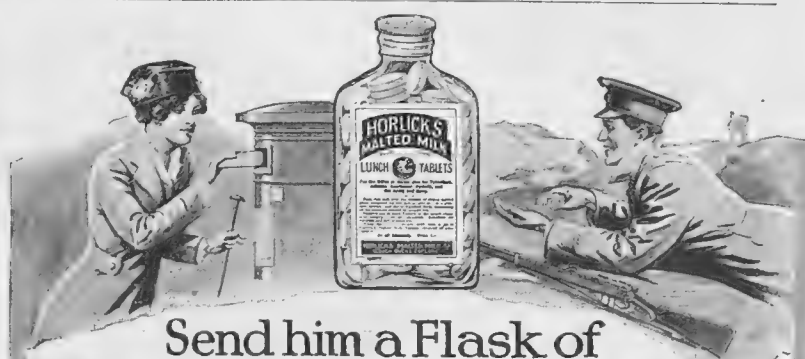
is a pure, superfatted,  
exquisitely perfumed TOILET SOAP  
giving a delightfully creamy lather.

It preserves the natural  
beauty of the complexion,  
and acts as a balm for the skin.

A HIGH CLASS TOILET SOAP  
AT A POPULAR PRICE.

**4d** per tablet **1/-** per box.

ERASMIC Perfumers, LONDON.



Send him a Flask of

## HORLICK'S MALTED MILK TABLETS

Think what a blessing these delicious Food Tablets are to men on active service. — They are always ready for immediate use, and a few dissolved in the mouth will maintain the strength of the Soldier when he most needs it. They supply sufficient nourishment to sustain for hours, give increased body heat and vitality, prevent fatigue and relieve thirst.

Send a Flask to YOUR Soldier.

We will send post free to ANY address a flask of these delicious and sustaining food tablets and a neat vest pocket case on receipt of 1/6. If on active service be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British Expeditionary Force, or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force; or, if not with either, give name of place at which unit is stationed.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in convenient pocket flasks, 1/- each. Larger sizes, 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-

Liberal Sample Bottle sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

LONDON SHOE CO.

**"LA RUCHETTE."**

HERE is the daintiest shoe of the Season. The newest Parisian Model with a *chic* short front and dainty ruche.



Obtainable in Patent Calf, Black Suède, White Suède; also in Patent Leather with Tête de Nègre, Black Moire, Navy Blue Brocade or Black Suède backs, 25/- the Pair, and in delightful brocades for evening wear, 28/- the Pair; Louis XV. heels.

The Pair, 25/-

LONDON SHOE COMPANY  
Tennis Shoes are perfect; they fit snugly round the ankle and cannot slip at the heel. Finest quality resilient rubber soles that will NOT come off.



G.S. 1017. Ladies' Oxford Tennis Shoes in White Mk. Buckskin, and with black heel.  
The pair, 21/-

London Shoe Co Ltd.

**EL-ES-CO**  
HOUSE

117 · NEW · BOND · ST · W  
21 · 8 · 22 · SLOANE · STREET · S · W  
123 · QUEEN · VICTORIA · STREET

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.

**CIRCULAR POINTED  
PENS.**




SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM. Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

**POULTON & NOELS**

**ENGLISH  
OX TONGUES**



Potted Meats and Fish Pastes.  
In Tins and Glasses.

For Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper.  
Sold everywhere.

If any difficulty in obtaining,  
write Poulton & Noel, London, N.

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**A Notable Sale.** On May 10 (Monday next) there will be a special sale at Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, which will prove of great interest. It will afford an opportunity of purchasing, at very low prices, really smart, up-to-date,



IN A FAMOUS REGIMENT: CAPTAIN A. K. HARVEY JAMES (ARTHUR SCOTT CRAVEN), AND OTHER OFFICERS OF C. Co., THE 9TH BUFFS.

Captain A. K. Harvey James, seated in the centre of a group of brother-officers of the 9th Service Battalion of the Buffs, is, of course, the well-known author and actor, Mr. Arthur Scott Craven. He is here seen playing one more part in a varied and brilliant career. After leaving Eton he visited India (with which, as the son of a Secretary to the Viceregal Council, he had already had acquaintanceship), and in the capacity of "Times" correspondent accompanied the Viceroy through Burmah. Then he entered the dramatic profession, and London playgoers know him well, both as a playwright and behind the footlights. So, too, indeed, as a writer do readers of English and American magazines. His newest personal part, in "Alarums and Excursions," will be followed with solicited interest by troops of friends.

and beautiful things. Tea-gowns are specially attractive. One in pink Ninon, hand-embroidered, with a very stylish coat effect produced in saxe-blue silk ruched all round—a really beautiful model—is 11½ guineas. One of blue charmeuse, with a coatee formed of blonde lace, which is particularly graceful and becoming, is 7½ guineas: there are many examples, some of them only 4 guineas. Then there are blouses: one in embroidered lawn trimmed with lace, delightfully dainty, will be but 19s. 6d.; another, in very handsome figured crêpe-de-Chine in saxe-blue, ivory-white, black, champagne, and other favourite shades, is only 17s. 6d. Most excellent value are hand-made "nighties," embroidered and trimmed with lace, at 15s. 9d. and 18s. 9d., which are really bargains; silk petticoats of the new shape, ruched at the foot, for a guinea, and many other varieties of petticoats at various figures, all remarkably low in price, will be found in the sale. There will be ladies' summer "combies," all wool and lightweight, at 6s. 11d., and also in Pesco at similar price; lisle thread hose from 1s. to 1s. 9d. a pair; and quantities of men's underwear, such as soldiers will require at home and abroad, for 3s. 3d. These are but a few items to indicate the character of the value which will be given. The firm will forward catalogues on application which will give further information on this notable and not-to-be-missed sale.

### A Really Smart Wrap Coat.

A thing women have long wanted is a wrap coat that looks smart and is practical to cover a pretty, dainty spring or summer dress. The problem of producing such coats, perfectly cut, and in the last moment of the mode, is solved at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, where are some extremely clever models, one of which is illustrated for our readers' inspection. It is of covert coating, or it can be in shantung, moiré,

cloth, serge, or any material. The five buttons give a *cachet* to the coat, and the full skirt is its hallmark of up-to-date cutting. There is another model with buttons and button-holes fairly close together all down the front, and a very smart little l'Aiglon collar. There is a wide waistband, and the fullness in the skirt is, again, a masterpiece of cutting and tailoring. The effect of the coat is to give length and slimness to the figure. It looks particularly well, and has a little military hint about it in dark-blue serge with a line of gold braid at the hem and pretty blue buttons sewn on with gold thread. There are many variations of these models.



WIFE OF A COMMANDER IN THE R.N.V.R.: LADY MAINWARING.

**A Swiss Idyll.** There are few industries more interesting than that of condensing and packing for use the milk of the thousands of cows on the rich pasture of the Swiss valleys. Alphonse Courlander has written an idyll of beautiful scenery and homely yet romantic industry in a brochure entitled "The Land of Milk and Honey," in which he tells of the milk from three hundred villages, the absolute cleanliness, the excellent regulations, the up-to-date sanitary arrangements, the hotels *de luxe* for cows, the prize animals, the filtering of the milk, the process without touch by hand, the standard of richness, the Pasteurisation, the torrents of milk, the great condensers, and the many other points of scientific interest at Nestlé's great milk factories and farms of supply in gloriously grand Switzerland. The facts, put into lucid English, are absorbing, and leave one with the greatest admiration for the firm which has so enterprisingly given to the world in the most perfect and convenient form the very best of the milk of the cows pastured on this wonderful flower-studded grass. The little book is full of charm and interest. Like the milk, it will go to every land.

### When Rest is Perfect.

In these strenuous times, when rest is often necessarily short, it ought to be perfect. This is possible when every muscle is relaxed, and the restorer is unconscious of his body. Messrs. J. Foot and Son, Ltd., of 171, New Bond Street, have made a study of rest for poor



AS A LUXURIOUS COUCH: FOOT'S "BURLINGTON" ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR.

At no time was the subject of rest-chairs so important as in these days of invalided soldiers home from the front. Messrs. J. Foot and Son, Ltd., of 171, New Bond Street, W., whose comforts for invalids are proving so invaluable, are the inventors of the Burlington Adjustable Rest-Chair. Our illustration shows the Burlington adjusted to form a luxurious couch. By the occupant simply pressing a button, the back can be adjusted to any inclination from upright to flat, and when desired will rise automatically. The leg-rest is also adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use slides under the seat. The arms are hinged and open outwards so as to insure convenient ingress and egress for the occupant.

humanity, whether of sick, wounded, or well persons, the result being success of world-wide acknowledgment. The "Burlington" chair is the perfection of a place to rest in. When the occupant presses a button it can be transformed into a luxurious couch, and can be adjusted to any position from upright to flat. When desired, it will rise automatically. The leg-rest, which can be easily adjusted to any position, slips under the seat out of the way when not in use. The chair's great charm is that it admits of the easiest change of posture, adapting itself by very simple mechanism to every movement of its occupant.

JUST THE THING FOR SPRING-TIME OUT OF DOORS: A SMART PARIS MODEL AT PETER ROBINSON'S.

This very smart tailor-made coat, which Peter Robinson is showing, is an original Paris model. It is seen here in fawn covert coating, but it can be made in any material by the firm's own tailors.





## Real Opportunities.

Throughout a career of over sixty years JELKS & SONS have made a name for themselves in the supplying of high-grade second-hand furniture secured on very advantageous terms from people who, for one reason or another, are disposing of high-grade homes and are prepared to sell at a sacrifice. Every article in Jelks' showrooms of 250,000 square feet, is a **genuine second-hand bargain.**

## High-grade Second-hand Furniture.

FOR CASH OR EASY TERMS.

3 ft. 6 in. solid Satin Walnut Bedroom Suite, comprising: - Handsome Wardrobe, with shaped bevelled robing mirror, drawer under; Dressing Chest, with 2 long and 2 short drawers, dressing mirror, shaped shelf, and jewel drawers under; Washstand, with rouge marble top, pedestal cupboard, towel rail attached, 2 Chairs. ... £12 10 0

### Examples:

9-piece Drawing-Room Suite, solid mahogany frames, comprising high-low settee, 2 high back tub shape Easys, 4 small Chairs and 2 Occasionals, spring seated throughout, upholstered in pale golden silk tapestry, Chippendale design, highly polished ... 19 Gns.

4 ft. 6 in. All Brass square tube Bedstead, together with closely woven wire spring, double tufted sanitary overlay, bolster and 2 feather pillows. Complete ... 8 Gns.

EASY TERMS can be arranged.

A Personal Call is Solicited, otherwise WRITE TO-DAY FOR DESCRIPTIVE BARGAIN BOOKLET (Post free).

Established over **W. JELKS & SONS**, Half a Century.  
263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, Holloway Road, London, N.  
REMOVAL ESTIMATES FREE.

Telephones 2598, 2599 North; 7826 Central.

Telegrams: "Jellicoe, London."

## The Regent St. House of Peter Robinson Ltd.

### Distinctive Blouses —moderately priced

FOR moderately priced Blouses of character and distinction our REGENT STREET House is without a rival—"the best at the minimum cost" is the motto our Blouse Department always strives to live up to. The New Blouses now being shown for the Spring will be found to more than justify our claim for supremacy in Blouse Styles and Blouse Values.



R.S. 10 B.

R.S. 14 B.



The two dainty garments we illustrate give a good indication of the distinctive Styles and excellent Values offered in this department.

R.S. 10B.—Heavy Crêpe de Chine Blouse, with deep Collar at back and Sailor knot in front. In pink, sky, ivory, and black, and other shades **29/6** to order.

R.S. 14B.—Beautifully Tailored Blouse in Crêpe de Chine, seams joined with a fine beading. In flesh, sky, ivory, and black. **33/6**

### ORDERS BY POST.

We make a special feature of executing orders by post, and your instructions will receive the same care and attention as they would if you made a personal call.

The Regent St. House  
of Peter Robinson Ltd.



MAURICE,  
43, South  
Molton St.,  
W.

## EXCLUSIVE Gowns, Tailor-mades and Millinery AT POPULAR PRICES.

TO meet the present demand for low-priced FROCKS and HATS, we have greatly reduced our pre-war charges, giving the same high-class work and exclusive styles as formerly.

### SMART GOWNS AND COSTUMES

To order ... from 5 Guineas.

MILLINERY SHOW of charming New Models at extremely low prices.

All our goods are made on the premises by skilled West End workers, and should not be classed with the factory-made goods sold in the shops.

**MAURICE, 43, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, BOND STREET, W.**  
Special department for remodelling and bringing up to date Ladies' Own Gowns, Costumes and Hats.

"ANITA"  
Smart Afternoon & Walking  
Frock, Blue or Black Tulle  
Satin Sash, To order, 5 1/2 Gns.  
Also made in Serge.



## A CLEAR SKIN

is assured to the lady who uses Ven-Yusa every day.

Ven-Yusa refreshes and beautifies like the pure country air. It preserves the rose-like bloom and youthful texture of the skin.

Ven-Yusa keeps back the tell-tale lines of age and worry, and gives that finishing touch to the complexion without which no beauty ensemble is complete.

## Ven-Yusa

The Oxygen Face Cream

1/- per jar, of all Chemists.

## THE CITY EQUITABLE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

38, OLD JEWRY, E.C. Ltd.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL:  
**£250,000**  
FOR FIRE REINSURANCES.

General Manager and Secretary:

E. G. MANSELL, 38, Old Jewry, E.C.  
(Registered Office.)

TELEPHONE: CITY 1444.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "CITEQUI."



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A WOMAN'S LONG JOURNEY: A CENTURY'S RECORD: GOVERNMENT ORDERS.

**A Famous Route.** Most things that were done in the cycle-racing days have been repeated in kind by cars, but "Land's End to John o' Groats" has never attained the importance in the later era that it possessed a couple of decades ago. Of course, the reason is the practical one that road-racing has never been allowed for motor-cars; while, as for record-breaking, the trade society—the "S.M.M.T."—long since put a veto upon all unauthorised performances. Time, therefore, is no longer of material account, for the only way to bring off an accredited trial is by means of the Royal Automobile Club and an official observer, and all trials of this kind are run at a pace not exceeding twenty miles an hour. I know this, indeed, to my cost, for in a weak moment I once consented to be a passenger on a car doing a non-stop run from London to Edinburgh, and not only were we bound down to a minimum of twenty hours for the 400 miles, but were not even allowed to make up time after missing the way or repairing punctures; consequently the run was extended even beyond the period named.

## Miss de Havilland's Pluck.

There is still no reason, however, why someone should not journey to John o' Groat's at his own sweet will if the object in view is of a special kind, and not record-breaking pure and simple. When Miss Gladys de Havilland (to whose journey to the far north I made prospective reference the other day) set off on her long journey on a 10-h.p. Horstmann—which, despite its name, is British-built—her object was to show not only that a woman could undertake a feat of this kind quite unaided, but also that a light car with Lilliputian cylinders could carry her without failure over the longest straight run that could be devised in Great Britain. In both these objects she has succeeded, for, as a matter of fact, she started from Land's End on a Monday morning, and was at Wick by Thursday night, leaving the last nineteen miles to her goal for the following morning. Of course, if she had taken a mechanic, or been shepherded by another motor-car, there might have been nothing in the achievement; but as a solo performance in every respect it must be regarded as distinctly interesting. I do not envy, in fact, Miss de Havilland's feelings when crossing the lonely Gramscian's; or being twice delayed by puncture troubles—once in the dark; or having repeatedly to face the hoarse challenges of armed sentries bent on the capture of German spies. Over and over again she was asked how much petrol she was carrying, the request probably being made in routine fashion, regardless of the size of the particular car. No one will deny that she showed true British pluck; while every credit is due to the little car, which must be made of good stuff, and have a staunch and well-designed engine into the bargain. One feature of the

Horstmann, it may be added, which is unique in cars of this size is that it is fitted with a mechanical self-starter; and the one which I myself tried a few days ago did not fail to do its duty every time.



SIR EDWARD GREY'S COUSIN SELECTED FOR GERMAN "REPRISALS": CAPTAIN ROBIN GREY, R.F.C., ONE OF THE THIRTY-NINE BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR PLACED UNDER ARREST IN GERMANY.

The Germans selected the bearers of distinguished names among the British officers in their hands to be placed under arrest by way of reprisals for our differential treatment of captured German submarine crews. Captain Robin Grey, of the Grenadier Guards, and attached to the Royal Flying Corps, is a second cousin of the Foreign Secretary. He did good service until he was taken prisoner last November.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

## Motor Firms and Government Orders.

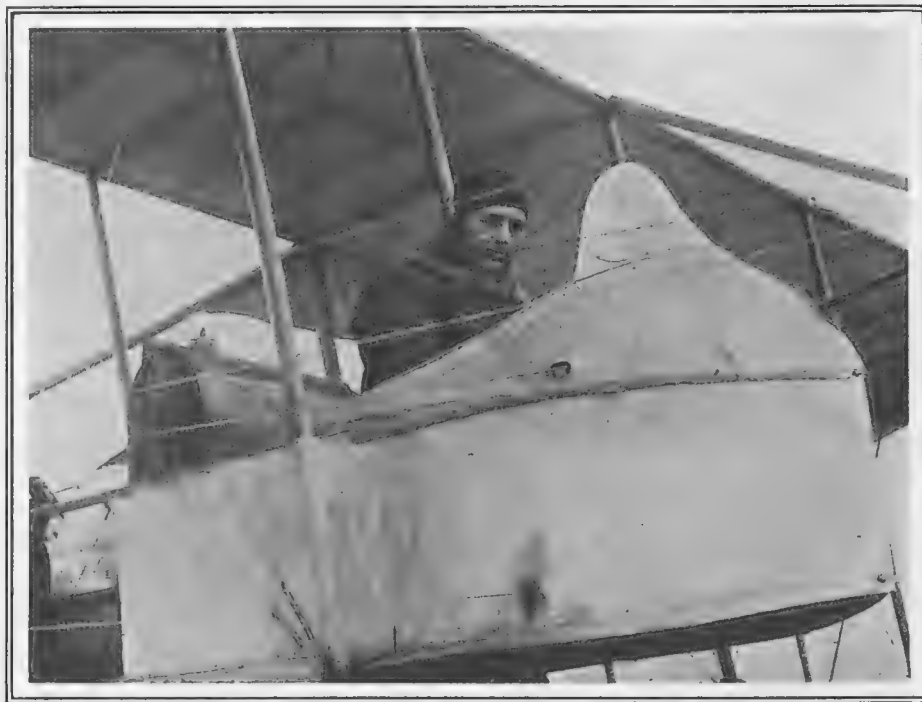
The majority of the motor firms which are now working hard on Government orders are enjoying a novel experience—indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise, in view of the fact that the industry itself is of comparatively recent birth. There are individual exceptions, however, and the most noteworthy of these is probably the case of Messrs. D. Napier and Son, who were established so far back as the reign of King George III. So far from the present orders upon which they are engaged for various Governments being something altogether new, it may be stated that the firm made practical acquaintance with this kind of thing three-quarters of a century ago, when they installed the first steam-engine and gun-finishing and bullet-making machinery in the Woolwich Arsenal. Up to that time the motive-power used for the machinery then extant was obtained by means of horses! The Napier firm, however, were the first in existence to make machines for the manufacture of bullets, and at the outset, with a view to strict secrecy, these were made in Vine Street, Lambeth, and the Arsenal used to send its own wagons to take them away; but in 1841 the machinery was transferred to Woolwich, as above mentioned. In 1847 the firm received a large order for gun-finishing machinery for Spain; and in 1854 the British Government ordered guns for use in the Crimea. Two years later, the French War Office followed suit with an order for bullet-making machines, and, not long afterwards, the same

course was adopted by the Egyptian Government. Napier's have also aided the Government in many other directions, such as the making of machines for printing postage-stamps; while, as is well known, they have been producing weighing and bank-note printing machines for the Bank of England for nearly two generations, and have also supplied the Russian, Spanish, and Indian Mints to similar effect.

## An Unfounded Rumour.

It is really astonishing at times how statements are bandied about in the motor trade which are eventually proved to have been entirely without foundation. The Dunlop Rubber Company, for example, have reasonable cause of complaint against certain persons who have alleged that the firm cannot supply many of its standard sizes of tyre.

This may be true enough as concerns sundry foreign manufacturers, but the Dunlop Company state that, though they are undoubtedly executing large Government orders, they have been able to make factory arrangements whereby the supply to the public will not be interrupted in the least.



BREAKING GROUND IN A NEW DIRECTION—INTO THE AIR: CARPENTIER AS A FRENCH MILITARY AIRMAN.

Georges Carpentier, the famous French boxer, joined the French Army early in the war. He has now entered the air service, and recently made his first flight as a pilot.—[Photograph by C.N.]





## Imitation

is the sincerest form of flattery, and that is why your friends buy the original article,

# Dunlops

"The tyre that taught the Trade."

**The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.,**  
 Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre  
 Industry throughout the World.

## POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

### STYLE.

In a recent article by George Edgar, he said: "Dennis Bradley has the personality and capacity for enthusiasm, which in matters of costume have only been exhibited by Paquin and Worth and other great male impresarios of fashion."

The House of Pope and Bradley holds to-day the first reputation in London for style. Their trade during the three months ending March 31st has shown an increase of over 20 per cent. more than the corresponding period of any previous year. This increase, in times of war, is the most eloquent argument possible to advance in evidence of the success of the productions of the House.

Perfect business organisation and the distinctive styles of Dennis Bradley are the responsible factors for the progress shown in recent years.

The great advance in the price of materials will probably necessitate an increase in this minimum of four guineas in the near future when our present contracts are exhausted, as it would be foreign to the policy of the House to depreciate the quality.

### MUFTI.

Not only are the mufti styles exclusive to the House, but the materials used are designed by Dennis Bradley and are unobtainable elsewhere. This applies even to particular shades of blue serges. Compatible with the quality the prices charged are reasonable. Lounge suits and overcoats average from four to six guineas, and Morning suits from five guineas. These prices represent the minimum at which it is possible to supply a really well cut and tailored West End suit.

Upon application we shall be pleased to forward our book, "THE MAN OF TO-DAY," dealing exhaustively with men's dress in every phase.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY  
**14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &  
 11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.**

# Humber

6 h.p. 3-speed  
 Water-cooled Twin.

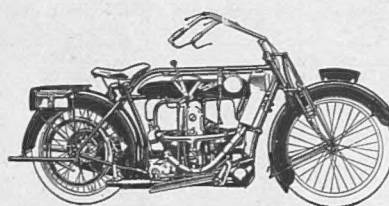
POWER, speed, ease of control, and dependability are combined in this new model.

Specification includes: Opposed cylinders, 78 x 78 mm. bore and stroke, 3-speed gear, Claudel-Hobson Automatic Carburetter, Detachable rear wheel. Dunlop studded tyres.

**£85**

With Side-car, £98.

The above prices are now subject to a surcharge of 5 per cent. owing to increased cost of material and labour.



**HUMBER LIMITED,**  
 Coventry

LONDON: 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.; 60-64, Brompton Rd., S.W.

London Repair Works:  
 Canterbury Rd., Kilburn, N.W.  
 SOUTHAMPTON: 25 and 27, London Rd. Agents Everywhere



## Make this test you be Judge

Fill two glasses, one with "OLD SAINT MUNGO" . . . the other with your present whisky. Taste each critically in turn, your palate will tell you the rest. Cut out and post this Advt. to us to-night, generous free sample will come post paid by return. . . . Send this Advt. with your address now.



**Robert Brown & Co**  
 Scotch Whisky Merchants  
 45 Washington Street, Glasgow  
 Established 76 years ago.



## Things New: At the Theatres.

IN "Betty," Mr. George Edwardes shows to the full his remarkable gift for gauging the taste of his public. Miss Gladys Unger and Messrs. Lonsdale, Ross, and Rubens, authors of the book, and Messrs. Rubens and two others, composers of the music, may think that "Betty" is their work, but we feel at the back of it all the guiding hand of Mr. George Edwardes, who guesses that at the moment his public want sentiment treated quite seriously, supplemented by farce, so we have the story of Betty, the pretty kitchen wench, who marries the young Earl of Beverley, and lives happy ever after, and also scenes between Mr. G. P. Huntley and Miss Madeline Seymour, and between Miss Mabel Sealby and Mr. W. H. Berry. Curmudgeons, otherwise some critics, may pretend that they do not believe in the sentiment, and are quite certain that the charming Betty will be miserable with the young Earl, who really does seem to be a very unpleasant bounder; but it is foolish to look closely into these things and submit sentiment to analysis. I am sure everybody wished happiness to Betty, for Miss Winifred Barnes is quite irresistible, with an air of genuine simplicity rare in musical comedy, a charming voice, and skill in the use of it, and a delightful personality. Certainly Mr. Donald Calthrop acted very well as her sulky husband—almost too well. Whilst I refer to the serious people, I should mention that Mr. C. M. Lowne played admirably as the stern father; by the way, this distinguished comedian was one of the few members of the cast who had no "reception" on the first night—but then, it was a "musical-comedy" audience. Mr. Huntley has a fat part as Lord Playne (they might cut a joke based on his name, which is, perhaps, a little below the Daly standard), and he causes roars of laughter. Of course, he does not pretend to be anybody but his popular self; why should he? It is only quite humble actors that have to disguise their individuality in order to amuse the public. Whether Mr. Berry caused more laughter or less than Mr. Huntley, I cannot tell, though I suppose with the aid of a detecto-gramophone-recorder one might obtain statistics which, after all, might not be fair, for one would have to examine a number of debatable, collateral circumstances in order to make a just comparison. Anyhow, they both caused vast amusement. The scenery and the frocks establish something like a record, even for Daly's, and could only be adequately described by a combination of art critics and ladies who write about fashions. After all, I have forgotten to say anything concerning the music, which really serves its purpose excellently, with its amiable tunes and effective comic strains and judicious avoidance of unorthodox originality.

It is difficult to see why there was no statement on the programme of "To-Night's the Night" explaining, on behalf of the author, Mr. Fred Thompson, that the resemblance to "Pink Dominoes" is accidental. Perhaps it was thought that the resemblance would not be noticed, and that there would be nobody in the house old enough to recollect the farce which, in 1877, shocked and delighted London. But there are still some of us old buffers hobbling about who remember the 'seventies. Moreover, there was a revival in 1892. But, after all, what does it matter that the new piece bears a great resemblance to the old? One may well say, "The greater, the better," since the Cremorne drama was a capital specimen of a frivolous class—indeed, quite one of the best, and by no means one of the naughtiest, though one thought so in those days; and people paid very furtive visits to "the Cri." Instead of Cremorne, take a masked ball at Covent Garden, and send four men there for a lark: a young married man, not contented with his pretty wife; item, a

betrothed young man anxious to sow wild oats; item, a youth keen after naughtiness; and lastly, an old boy with a taste for nude pictures and accessible ladies. The young husband and the fiancé were tricked into going by the young wife and the betrothed, who themselves, in pink dominoes and masked, visited the same place. And so on, and so on. How all the characters came to be in the last act at the flat of a lady of questionable character, I don't know. What mattered was that the play rattled along quite gaily. There were no great subtleties, and the jokes imposed little strain on the intelligence. However, most of the songs were successful, and a duet by Mr. Jerome Kern, called "They Didn't Believe Me," threatens to become the rage of the town. Mr. Nainby was really comic as a weird waiter, and the industrious Mr. Henson caused a good deal of laughter; whilst Mr. George Grossmith delighted his many admirers. The chief success among the ladies fell to Miss Moya Mannering as a very saucy lady's maid who went to the ball in the domino of her mistress. Miss Julia James and Miss Haidée de Rance, as the young wife and the betrothed, played brightly and sang agreeably. The acting of Miss Gladys Homfrey in the

part of the domineering wife of the naughty old gentleman was very effective, and Mr. James Blakeley as her henpecked husband was very funny. So with the handsome mounting, such daring dresses, tuneful music by Mr. Rubens, and an excellent company, "To-Night's the Night" promises to bring prosperity to the Gaiety and joy to the "Knuts."

"What I love is a real good murder," said the lady in the story, and she gets it in the new American play at the Lyric, with no Greek art nonsense about not showing the deed to the audience. You have it, plumb before your eyes, and watch Mr. Strickland fire his revolver bang, bang, half-a-dozen times, at the naughty banker. And why did he slay Mr. Trask so pitilessly? It is the business of the author, Mr. Reizenstein—who is, I believe, an American—to tell you, not mine. He tells his story by a contrivance that has some novelty—at least, I think so.

The whole play shows the murder trial. As witness after witness takes the "witness stand"—an arm-chair on a platform—and begins to tell his tale, the scene is darkened, there are creaks and groans, and in a short time one sees in action the story which the witness is supposed to tell. To others the task of giving the history of this contrivance: mine merely to say that it serves very well in melodrama. To some a peculiarly interesting feature of the matter is the American procedure of criminal trial, which although, of course, based on ours, shows some curious little departures from English methods. One begins with the examination by the rival advocates of the proposed jurors, which plays an important part in American cases: in the Thaw trial, it may be recollected, this lasted three weeks. With great wisdom, the management has decided to avoid the Anglo-American cast often found in imported productions. The characters in the piece are all American, but not one of the players shows any trace of accent. The result is a great gain—indeed, if a reasonable pretext could be found for the hero's anxiety to get convicted, and his refusal to assist the defence, "On Trial" would be extraordinarily plausible. A performance of remarkable ability was given by Odette Guimbault, a child actress, as the prisoner's little daughter. Miss Edyth Goodall played with very much power the hero's wife; and an excellent piece of acting was given by Miss Frances Dillon, who represented the widow of the murdered man. Mr. Basset Roe was quite effective as the prisoner's advocate. The jury was excellently rendered. No wonder the reception was enthusiastic.



RUGBY INTERNATIONAL AND R.A.M.C.: LIEUTENANT T. B. BATCHELOR'S MILITARY WEDDING AT EASTBOURNE.

Lieutenant T. B. Batchelor, of the R.A.M.C., whose marriage, with military honours, to Mrs. J. H. Smith, of Hale, near Manchester, took place at Eastbourne Parish Church on Thursday, April 22, is another English Rugby International who has come forward for Army duty. He is the son of the late Mr. F. T. Batchelor, of Evesham, Worcestershire, and was an Oxford Rugby Blue, and in the London Hospital team.—[Photograph by McKenzie.]





Our Green Book of Damask Patterns will be sent Post Free to all intending purchasers.

## Real Irish Damask,

pure white and beautifully patterned, makes an irresistible appeal to all lovers of fine linen. Robinson & Cleaver's own looms at Banbridge, County Down, weave linen that has been recognised as the best for a generation. It is made from the best flax yarn, ensuring long and satisfactory wear. From a host of designs we describe:—

**No. G. 313.**—(As illustration). Double Damask Table Cloths, with Pansy border and centre piece, 2 by 2 yds., 12/-; 2 by 2½ yds., 15/-; 2 by 3 yds., 18/-; 2½ by 3 yds., 23/-; 2½ by 3½ yds., 26/10 each. Dinner Napkins to match, 18/6 doz.

### Handkerchiefs

The same high quality of materials and workmanship distinguish Robinson & Cleaver's Handkerchiefs.

**No. 40.**—(As illustration). Ladies' fine Linen Hand-embroidered Monogram Handkerchiefs, can be had in any two-letter combination. About 13 ins. square, with 3/16 in. hem. Per dozen, 7/3

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER**

38N, Donegall Place, Ltd.  
LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL

Particulars, Prices and Samples will be sent Post Free upon application.



## Winsome Beauty

is that which is emphasized by a fine complexion—a clear, fresh-looking skin which radiates health and charm.

...For skin-health and skin-beauty there's nothing quite so good as

## PALMOLIVE

—the soap which is a blend of the purest and best of Palm and Olive Oils—oils which have been used for thousands of years by women to whom Skin-Charm was a matter of everyday consideration.

...Nothing which is not good and wholesome goes into PALMOLIVE—it contains no free alkali, no harmful artificial colouring. Its delicate pale-green tint is derived from the vegetable oils of which it is composed.

.. PALMOLIVE is fine to wash with, giving a luxurious and freshening lather which carries a perfume pleasingly suggestive of the Orient.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the Chemist's for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

THE B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.,  
124, Holborn, London, E.C.



Get a Bottle To-day.

## Get rid of Skin Trouble

**Antexema gives immediate relief**

You'll never realise the wonderful value of Antexema in skin illness till you try it. That is why we urge every skin sufferer, whatever their complaint, to procure a bottle of Antexema at once, and thus prove its extraordinary virtues. You may have had eczema, either in its dry, weeping, or scaly form for years—Antexema will rid you of it. You may be so tormented by skin trouble that you are wretched all day and sleepless at night—Antexema will instantly soothe away all irritation. Pimples or a facial rash may so disfigure you that you are ashamed to meet your friends, and your business chances are injured. Antexema will give your skin complaint immediate notice to quit. If you are made miserable by a bad leg or bad hands, that all else has failed to cure, get Antexema and be for ever free from your discomfort.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army & Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridges', Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows' at 1/1½ and 2/6 per bottle, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, 1/1 and 2/6 from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.



## A message to Mothers

Let your child wear the Claxton Ear Cap in the nursery and during sleep, and any tendency to outstanding ears will be corrected. The Claxton Ear Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are pliable. Made in rose pink in 21 sizes. Send measurements round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ear. Price 4/6, from Harrod's, Selfridges', Whiteley's, John Barker, Ltd., John Barnes & Co., Ltd., D. H. Evans & Co., Ltd., E. & R. Garrold, Jones Bros. (Holloway), Ltd., Spiers & Pond's, Woolland Bros. or direct from S. K. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.



## TEA & REST FROCKS

We have made a special study of Rest, Boudoir, and Tea Frocks, and have now in stock a wonderful variety of these dainty and useful garments. All these gowns are our own exclusive designs. They are adapted from Paris Models, and are made by our own workers from materials that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. The value is always quite exceptional.

**PICTURE TEA GOWN,** in rich shot chiffon taffeta, with two-tier skirt and crossover bodice; sleeves, vest, and collar of gold or oxydised lace, and finished at waist with two small flowers. Also in black.

**58/6**

**SILK SPIDERWEB GAUZE HOSE.** Black only. Lisle thread tops and feet. Special value, 1/11 per pair; 10/6 for six pairs.

**Debenham & Freebody**

Wigmore Street,  
(Cavendish Square) London, W.



## DR. L. GARRETT ANDERSON.

DR. L. GARRETT ANDERSON, Officer in Charge of the Military Hospital, Endell Street, W.C., writes to us complaining of the article we published concerning her under our heading "In the Great World," pointing out not only that she much objects to such publicity, but that it is contrary to medical etiquette for portraits and articles dealing with the work of doctors to be given in the Press. She adds that the portrait published is not of her; and that, as a woman, she does not bear military rank. Needless to say, we very much regret that we should have issued anything in the least distasteful to Dr. Garrett Anderson, and offer her this paragraph by way of apology.

Thousands of lives, it is said, are lost in the war for want of first-aid instruction to the troops, since, devoted as are the efforts of the ambulance men, it is impossible for them always to be on the spot in time. There are many cases where the proper treatment needs to be applied within a few minutes; and, if the soldiers themselves knew what to do, life would be saved. Instruction of the kind required—as to the stoppage of arterial bleeding, and so on—is given in a leaflet (the front page of which we recently reproduced) prepared by Major A. Maclure, London Scottish (retired), late President Volunteer Ambulance School of Instruction. He has already supplied copies of it free to 200 regiments, and he has applications from Aldershot and elsewhere for over 80,000 more copies. His private funds, however, are exhausted, and he now appeals to the public, especially those who have friends at the front, for help in carrying on this most valuable work. Subscriptions, which he will thankfully acknowledge, however small, may be sent to Major Maclure at 26, Dennington Park Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

Men of the Navy will be the first to welcome an anecdote that redounds to the honour of their foes. It is told of the German Admiral, von Spee, who went down with his ships off the Falklands, that at a banquet in Valparaíso after the Coronel battle, he and his officers refused to drink to the toast of "Damnation to the British Navy."

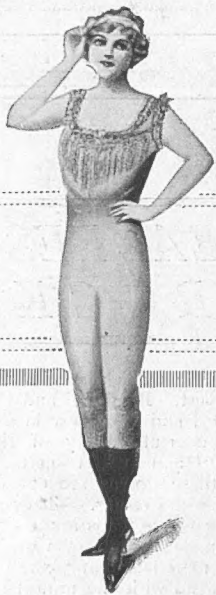
## A NEW NOVEL.

## "The Man and the Moment."

BY ELINOR GLYN.

(Duckworth.)

No! The man is not Kitchener, nor the moment an affair of nations. "She moved abruptly away from him . . . looking at him with great, troubled eyes. He followed her. 'You sweet little darling!' he whispered, his voice very deep. . . . 'You belong to me, you know—you are mine, I shall not let you leave me! I shall keep you and hold you close!' And he clasped her in his arms. For he was a man, you see—and the moment had come!" Thus naïvely does Miss Glyn ring the curtain down on the first act of her hoary little drama. But can a more familiar, a more thoroughly worked motive be discovered than that of the couple, wedded capriciously, *faute de mieux* in the circumstances, resolving to regard the arrangement as a mere matter of convenience, to be ignored and wiped out at the earliest moment after the ceremony, and then finding themselves each entangled in one of the most confounded and confounding nets that Cupid ever cast for helpless lovers! Yet there is always a manner to these episodes, and Miss Elinor Glyn must be allowed hers. What would Ouida, the great prototype of Miss Glyn's manner, say to the summing-up of her hero, already painted with all the seductive charms of a ruined roué: "He was not a noble hero, you see, but just a strong and passionate young man—with 'it'!" And Sabine also, peculiarly childish and slender even for seventeen, with violet eyes, "a dear little baby profile, and masses of light-brown hair rolled up anyhow at the back." Sabine too is cryptically, and as climax, declared to have "it"! The wedding-breakfast *à deux* at about 10 p.m. is in the grand style, however: quail and salad and a wonderful ice, "and marrons glacés too, and other divine bonbons." Trust these roués for ordering an attractive meal. It is one of their specialties. Nor should the adorable entry of the bride into the bridegroom's life be forgotten. He, glooming in his study over a debt of honour which a tiresome, pretty lady was exacting inexorably, is just on the point of ringing for an old servant and offering her marriage as his only safety, when a family picture tumbles down, a secret door bursts open, and enter Sabine, baby profile, and "it." She had been "doing" the castle with a party of other American tourists, and, fleeing from an obnoxious admirer, had stumbled into the owner's study. Very gay and diverting, and of Miss Elinor Glyn's best.



## Combinations

Spun Silk Combinations,  
with fancy openwork  
tops . . . . . 16/6 & 21/-  
Anglo-Indian Gauze, each 16/6  
Gauze Merino . . each 9/11

Also in Vests.

Spun Silk Vests 9/11, 11/9  
Anglo-Indian Gauze Vests,  
each 11/9

Spun Silk Spencers.

Short Sleeve Spencers . . 9/6  
Long Sleeve Spencers . . 10/6  
Anglo-Indian Gauze Spencers—  
Short Sleeves . . 8/3  
Long Sleeves . . 8/11

Price List Post Free.

**Robinson & Cleaver**  
The Linen Hall  
Regent Street, London W

**CRÈME  
SIMON**  
PARIS

FOR  
**Beauty,  
Whiteness,  
Preservation  
of the Skin.**  
Against Chaps and all Irritations of the Epidermis.  
Prevents Wrinkles.  
Absolutely Unrivalled.  
Does not Produce Hair.  
Of all Chemists, Hairdressers,  
Perfumers and Stores.

PRICE  
**Motor Cycling**  
can be fully enjoyed by  
both old and young on a  
**LIGHTWEIGHT**  
**TRIUMPH**  
2 STROKE—2 SPEED  
Handled as easily as a pedal Cycle,  
economical and comfortable under  
all conditions of road and weather.  
Triumph Cycle Co. Ltd.  
Coventry.  
**42**  
Depots  
and  
Agents  
Everywhere



**MAJOR RICHARDSON'S**  
SENTRY DOGS (Airedales),  
as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.  
POLICE DOGS (Airedales),  
for house and personal guards,  
5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.  
BLOODHOUNDS from 20 gns.  
pups, 5 gns.  
ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX,  
IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups,  
2 gns.  
GROVE END, HARROW, Tel. 423.

The Illustrated London News  
**FINE-ART PLATES,  
PHOTOGRAVURES,  
ETC.**

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.  
172, STRAND, W.C.



## LOOK YOUR BEST

As to Your Hair and Skin  
Cuticura Will Help You

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant super-creamy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under all conditions.

## Sample Each Free by Post

With 32-p. book. Address F. Newbery & Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E. C., Eng. Sold throughout the world.

NOT A BEETLE  
lives - once  
it comes into  
proper contact  
with  
**KEATING'S**  
HEATING POWDER  
Tins 3/6 1/-